

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,187 Vol. 122.

25 November 1916.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

OCT 15

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Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will print among other articles "Sir Roger de Coverley in Cambridge", by Sir James Frazer.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Naturally there has been a lull upon the Somme following on the splendid success of British arms there at Beaumont Hamel and Beaucourt. Still, we have added some neat minor touches to that great feat. We are perceptibly nearer Grandcourt, and Grandcourt is a place worth having. We shall have it presently all right. "Keep your eye upon the Somme", and keep it on Grandcourt (among other spots). Meanwhile the British Army needs large additions in man-power and immense additions in munition-power, and it rests with the people at home to supply both. Germany is making huge preparations to resist the next big moves on the Somme. She is getting all ready against the spring campaign, too. Her deportations of Belgians and her recruiting of Poles are being carried out relentlessly in order that she may free, for full military service at the front, at least another half million men, now working in Germany or behind the lines. It is essential, of course, that we should effectively reply without delay in terms of young men and munitions.

The first official news from Roumania since last Sunday was received in London on Thursday afternoon, when the reports for Tuesday, Wednesday, and the 23rd arrived almost at the same moment. We regret to say that one of the delayed messages confirms by suggestion what the Germans have said about the capital of Western Wallachia, for the Roumanians have retired towards the west of Craiova. This information is given in a single line among the very brief items of Wednesday's report. Falkenhayn's sweep into Roumania was very rapid, as Craiova seems to have been occupied by German troops at noon on Tuesday, and the loss of Tigră Jiu, some sixty miles to the north-west, occurred only six days before. What has happened to the Roumanian Army on the Cerna,

near Orsova, seventy-five miles to the west of Craiova? In Wednesday's communiqué our Allies spoke of the enemy's violent attacks on the Cerna, and the Austrians announced on Thursday that they had crossed to the left bank of this river. Further, since the fall of Craiova the enemy has been behind the Orsova Roumanians, and in possession of their railway communications, so their retreat must be conducted between the Danube and the German invasion, watched always by aeroplanes. Perhaps they form a rearguard only; perhaps the bulk of the Orsova Army got away safely at the end of last week; but on this point there is no news.

A much slower German advance goes on little by little in the Aluta Valley, and Roumania refers to it in her reference on Tuesday to desperate struggles in the neighbourhood of Veresti, Albesti, Surpatzi, Monastere, and Cozia. The Roumanian tenacity in this neighbourhood and south of the Törzburg Pass has great and increasing value, for it prevents the deployment of the Austro-German columns. In the meantime Russian reinforcements have arrived in Moldavia, and the Allied Army in the Dobrudja holds Mackensen at bay. On the whole things might be worse; and there is some reason to believe that Falkenhayn's bold original scheme has fallen through.

The recapture of minaretted Monastir is the most recent big event which has aided the Entente Powers on a Sunday. Mr. Ward Price entered the town with French and Russian troops, and a French colonel said: "It is thanks to the Serbians that we have won Monastir!" Between November 10 and 18 great deeds were achieved from the east by the tireless and intrepid Serbians, whose grand advance among the mountains and villages of the Tcherna region culminated in a noble flanking movement over the three peaks to the left of Hill 1212. Here was a serious threat against the enemy's line of retreat up the road towards Prilep. So the Germans and Bulgarians began to fall back from Monastir, and last Sunday morning

at 8.15 the last German regiment marched away from the north end. A quarter of an hour later the last battery limbered up and went off, and at about the same hour some French cavalry arrived from the south, followed by infantry, both French and Russian. Soon the French horses had wreaths of flowers around their necks, and the townsfolk offered garlands to the troops. Before noon the advance began again, pressing northward, for the Bulgarian rearguard had taken up a position two and a half miles from Monastir on the way towards Prilep.

Since Monday a stern battle has been raging along the Allies' new line of attack, which appears to extend from Prespa Lake on the south-west, through Krani up to Snegovo (just north of Monastir), then in a curve eastward to Paralovo and Makovo (some fourteen miles east-north-east of Monastir), and on across the Tcherna. German reinforcements have taken their place in the firing-line along the heights running north-east of Snegovo, and a part of the Prussian Guard has claimed the recapture of a hill east of Paralovo. The French report on Thursday night said that the enemy north and north-east of Monastir had attempted violent counter-attacks, which had failed. The enemy's aim is to hold fast on a wide front dominating Monastir, and to keep the wings firm against flanking attacks. Meantime the Serbians are hard at work on the western bank of Lake Prespa, where they have occupied Leskovetz. For the rest, Italian troops on the west of Monastir have repulsed a strong attack and have captured some heights to the south of Bratindol.

The British hospital ship "Britannic" was sunk on Tuesday morning in Zea Channel, about fifty miles from the port of Athens. This latest outrage on humanity and the rules of international law established by civilisation was due to a torpedo from a submarine. There were two on each side of the vessel, it appears, and one of them hit its mark. There was not the slightest panic on board, though the victims are reported at about 100 out of 1,200 in all. This is the fourth hospital ship that the Germans have sunk, and there can have been no mistake as to its character. All such ships fly the white flag with the Red Cross, and they are painted outside in special colours. Our enemies, who still apparently hope to frighten the Allies by such disgraceful work, are making a grave mistake. They are only increasing the resolution to make such an aristocracy of blackguards impossible for the future.

The enemy submarine campaign against not only the Allied but also against neutral shipping is a grave and growing danger which cannot possibly be overlooked. In our view the submarine campaign never was the "farce" which hasty over-sanguine people in this country declared it to be when it started. It was a very serious question long ago in the early part of the war. Then the Navy with great skill got it under, and there followed a period of comparative immunity. Now it has broken out once more in a more menacing form, and we ought again to face the facts. It will not do to make light of it with talk about "corsairs" and "pirates' week-end hauls" and the like: the thing is much too serious for burlesque of that kind.

Clearly the Germans have been learning on the sea as we have been learning on the land; and they have devised methods of escaping the punishment which our Navy was able—thanks to its high skill and ceaseless vigilance—to deal out to them soon after the submarine campaign started. We shall probably be able ultimately to cope even with the new menace, as we did with the old; but a great deal more initiative is naturally desired. But meanwhile a large number of vessels are being sunk every week, and the commercial loss is serious, and the food question has to be the more seriously considered. It is profitless, and worse than profitless, to shut our understandings to this truth.

But one blessing, at any rate, may spring out of the evil and menace—the fact is being irresistibly born in on a great many people that we have been growing and are growing, a perilously small amount of wheat in this country. We must grow far more—unless we wish to invite a national disaster. We must put a bonus on the growing of wheat. The masters of wheat, said Richard Jefferies long ago, are the masters of the world, and there is good sound grain in that saying. Farmers will have to pay their field labourers better wages in future, and farmers will have to be ensured by the State, to a reasonable degree, against loss through the flood of wheat from abroad in peace time. There is no time to lose: time has already been flying away in this great and urgent matter.

The news of the death of the Emperor of Austria came as a surprise on Wednesday last. Little has been seen or heard of him of late, and in spite of his great age—he was in his eighty-sixth year—it seemed as if, having survived so many tragedies, he might live through that terrible drama in which "Austria must bleed", and which was heralded by the crime of Sarajevo. The Emperor, a soldier from his youth and a great believer in his Army, yet managed to avoid war in 1909; but the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was followed by a loss of prestige, and the intrigues of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in the Balkans ended with his assassination.

How far the Emperor was personally responsible for the ultimatum to Serbia is doubtful. He was, we believe, capable of business till the end, but at his age he could hardly be expected to resist the pressure of his advisers and of Germany. His long reign began as far back as 1848, when he was a boy of eighteen. His belief in his appointment to rule as Providential enabled him to pass through many sorrows, such as the loss of his wife, brother, and son by violence. On the other hand, his ideas of absolute monarchy led him to surprising treatment of his servants, and he did not command general confidence. After Sadowa he found himself struggling not only with Prussia but also with Hungary, which gained a disparity of influence destined to be an abiding difficulty in the Dual Empire. Always reserved, the Emperor did not let the world know how far his influence went in arrangements of State. A few years ago his survival was freely declared to be essential to preserve the balance of Powers in Europe as well as the unity of his own Empire. One of these claims has been refuted; the other must be left to history.

The Germans are proceeding ruthlessly with their policy of wholesale deportation in Belgium. No consideration or discrimination of any kind is shown. The cattle trucks are filled; men are forced into them with bayonets, which are also used to dislodge the women and children who cling to them, or throw themselves in front of the engine, to prevent the departure of the train. In some cases Belgians able to pay have been exempted from deportation. Many are unable to pay, and others refuse outright. The American Relief Commission can only deal with a small part of the population. It cannot by rule give food to those employed on war occupations, and thus the Frenchmen who have been imported into Belgium to help the Germans against their own country have to work or to starve. According to an American eyewitness, quoted in the "Times" of Tuesday last, some thirty-five Frenchmen who refused to work were tied to trees for twenty-four hours, and, this punishment failing to break their will, they were released. But how are they to live?

Those who know Lieutenant Muirhead Bone will welcome the official announcement which we give below. It is pleasant to be in his hearty company anywhere—especially when travelling at the British front in France. "For some months Mr. Muirhead Bone has been engaged as a commissioned officer in the British Army in France making drawings of places

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and incidents in the war for permanent record in the British Museum. Reproductions of some of these drawings will be published shortly (by authority of the War Office) in monthly parts, with appropriate letterpress. Each part will contain facsimiles of over twenty drawings, and the first will be published early in December with a preface by General Sir Douglas Haig. Mr. Bone is an artist of international reputation whose drawings perhaps are better known abroad than at home, and the whole volume will form a unique record of the conditions of the Western front in modern warfare." Lieutenant Bone's figures live, and we look forward to seeing them in book form.

The promised Food Controller has not yet been appointed, but the Board of Trade has, during the week, issued some Orders. A maximum price is fixed for milk next week. The price may not be raised above that paid on 15 November of this year, and may not exceed by more than a specified amount that paid in the corresponding month before the war. Another Order declares the percentage of flour which must be milled from various kinds of wheat, and after 1 January only flour milled in accordance with this schedule will be allowed for bread or any other article of food. This means that Standard Bread will be compulsory next year. As for potatoes, a return of stocks and contracts must be made not later than 7 December by all persons cultivating more than ten acres of potatoes in Great Britain. Further Orders are being prepared, and we hope that early attention will be paid to the price of meat. The restaurants and hotels, owing to the scarcity of domestic servants, are exceptionally full to-day, and, in some cases, prices are being charged which are grossly extravagant. So we are glad to note that on Wednesday last Mr. Runciman had a private conference with representatives of leading London hotels, and spoke clearly and definitely about waste and extravagance. Later he saw representatives of the principal confectioners. Mr. Runciman evidently means business, and he has public opinion behind him. The far too lavish expenditure which prevails in many quarters must be checked.

Mr. Burton Chadwick, Director of Munitions Overseas Transport, wrote to the "Times" this week from the Ministry of Munitions, Whitehall, appealing for drastic steps against afternoon tea. He desires to prohibit all shops, restaurants, and clubs throughout the country from selling any food or drink (non-alcoholic as well as alcoholic) between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. He proposes to make this order absolute, and it is to be the law of the land. Thus it will be seen that tea drinking may be prohibited by Act of Parliament—and tea drinking at even tea time!—no less than beer or claret drinking. Mr. Chadwick is perfectly serious, and he is a leading and important Government official: so that the total prohibitionists of all alcohol by Act of Parliament must not attempt to laugh away his proposals whilst seriously pressing their own. He argues that tea time is a mere habit, that it is unnecessary, and that it leads to a great and uncalled-for consumption of food. He argues, in effect, that it serves to starve the guns: moreover, not only tea, but milk, ginger-beer, lemonade, any drinkable or eatable that is sold in the afternoons or early evenings; for this is the purport of his letter.

Mr. Chadwick's appeal is a striking and a novel one; and so far as it preaches moderation in drinking and eating, temperance in eating and drinking, no one will find fault with it. But one must suggest that there are weak points in his argument. He has, perhaps, not considered this: the taking of afternoon tea tends to diminish the taking of dinner—that is to say, people who eat and drink at, say, five o'clock will not, as a rule, eat and drink so much—certainly will not eat so much—at 7.30 or 8 p.m. as they will if they touch nothing between, say, 1 p.m. or 1.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. or 8 p.m. Indeed, many people deliberately

abstain from afternoon tea on the ground that if they take it their dinner is spoilt.

This should always be borne in mind: eating only one or two meals a day (and rigidly abstaining between those meals) means a very substantial appetite at that one or at those two meals. Moreover, a few and heavy meals are not necessarily helpful for the digestion, and therefore do not supply abundant energy and efficiency. Some doctors believe in several light meals instead of a few comparatively heavy ones. Mr. Chadwick's appeal is quite a genuine one, and his motives are patriotic; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the grave problem of food and drink during the war can be solved by vehement legislation. Such legislation would probably be more resented, both by soldiers and by civilians, than even a strict rationing such as Mr. Churchill foreshadows. And it would prove less effectual.

The debate in the House on Tuesday, when the Pensions Bill was read for a second time, revealed dissentient opinions, as was only to be expected; but there were welcome signs that the whole question is to be treated in a generous spirit. Mr. Hayes Fisher thought that, though the Admiralty stood out of the scheme of unification, that attitude would be altered at no distant time by the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. Both he and Mr. Henderson recognised that in many cases the men were not treated as they ought to be. In the Committee stage next week an attempt will be made to secure greater unification than the Bill promises at present. The Bill is, indeed, far from ideal; but now that the country is assured of the aims and spirit of those chiefly responsible for its working, we hope that points of detail will be conceded as far as possible. The main point is to get to work as soon as possible, to use the Local Committees and other machinery with promptitude and with the least possible friction. The motto of all officials ought to be:

"Shun delays; they breed remorse".

Last year the Publishers' Association arranged a National Book Fortnight, to quicken public interest in book-reading, and next Monday a similar organisation will begin on a more extended scale. We welcome the scheme, for it indicates a spirit of co-operation by which publishers have everything to gain. Gissing thought, some years since, that the whole body of readers of serious books in this country could be gathered in the Albert Hall. But we believe they are more numerous than is supposed. Their trouble is that among such a huge crowd of competing volumes they cannot get what they want. An intelligent display and classification of the books available should have excellent results. There is need for a guide of experience through the overgrown jungle of the printed word, which is clogged with a large supply of weeds and insidious creepers. At this season more than ever the book is a solace and a refreshment. Reading, serious and frivolous, learned and trivial, has its appeal in the trenches as well as by the fireside.

The National Gallery Bill to extend the Trustees' Powers of Sale and Loan was read a second time in the Lords on Tuesday. It is an heroic and commonsense measure of self-preservation on the part of the Trustees, who see themselves in danger of extinction in the fierce competition for great pictures. Academically speaking, it may be a mournful and improper course for a nation to have to sell treasures it does not need to secure others it must have. But academic regrets and objections are profitless; unyielding facts have to be countered. Pictures of utmost value to the country are yet unsecured; at any moment their owners may succumb (nay, are succumbing) to foreign tempters. Only money will equip the National Gallery to fight, and money can only be obtained by realising the nation's great redundant resources of art treasure. How else, to-day, does anyone suppose it could be raised for art?

LEADING ARTICLES.

EAST AND WEST.

THE three outstanding events of the week have been the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the occupation of Monastir by the Allies, and the rather deep penetration by Falkenhayn's army into Wallachia, with the seizure of Craiova, on the line between Orsova and Bukarest. The death of the Emperor will have no immediate effect, good or ill, if it has an effect at all, on the progress of the war. It used to be held—vaguely—that at his death the Austrian Empire would drop to pieces. His immense patriarchal prestige, thanks to the length of his reign—think of it: he was reigning, a wonderful human record, in 1848, long before most of us were born!—and the force of the Hapsburg tradition, which was perfectly crystallised in himself: these alone held together the jarring nationalities and factions named Austria. That was the theory. There may have been a good deal in it; for Austria clearly has long been one of the empires that "feel their huge frames not constructed right", though she was not one of those living empires which Matthew Arnold specified in this connection—he, it must be admitted, chose examples nearer home. But whatever might have come out of the old Emperor's death had it happened in peace time, we shall dupe ourselves badly if we conclude that Austria is going to "droop upon her throne" now it has happened in war. Austria will probably stand so long as Germany grips her about. Germany's support of Austria, however much we may dislike it—and naturally we hate it—must be admitted a master-stroke in war. Austria in the early part of the struggle was near a dead faint. She called for the smelling-salts if ever an empire did; and she got from Germany such a dose of sal volatile that she is hardly likely to go off again whilst that grim physician is at hand. When Austria does go down we cannot help thinking it will be because the pharmacopœia of Essen itself has begun to give out: and that, alas, is not to-day or to-morrow. Hapsburg in peace time may alone have held Austria together; but now it is Hohenzollern alone that does so. The death of Francis Joseph in kindlier times would have touched us in the sense of *Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt*. To-day it moves us little in any sense, least in that of bitterness or ferocity. Who can sanely hate an ancient man who lived to become a sport of the gods?

The capture of Monastir and the pursuit of the Bulgarian army even, perhaps, to a respectful distance from Monastir is, unlike the death of the Emperor, an event of real moment in the war. It is first fruits of Salonica, not the less to be welcomed as refreshing in that they have ripened very late in the autumn. The great thing about Monastir is that at length Serbia, the most virile, soldiering of all modern little nations, has had a stroke of fortune. We shall give to her the chief credit of this feat at arms. The way in which her hunted and spent army has nursed itself back to efficiency and strength is a wonder. Serbia is great heart. It used to be said—at Westminster and in Fleet Street—that one volunteer was worth from three to nine conscripts. But those who reckoned thus forgot Serbia. It would take an unconsciously big volunteer to better nine fighting Serbs to-day: even Private Jones, V.C., who shepherded the hundred and two German prisoners the other day, might find that a severe task. Monastir is, moreover, a hard blow at Bulgaria and her hopes; and the way in which we want to detach Bulgaria is not by bargain but by blows.

The third event of the week is the penetration of Wallachia. It is grave and bad news: the only thing is not to be too chopfallen over it. Roumania is not down yet. The overrunning of the whole of the country is hardly likely to prove a fortnight or three weeks' affair; and there is reason to think Falkenhayn's bold first plan has failed. There is, of course, reason for anxiety, but not for despondency. Roumania herself does not respond: then why should we?

In the West there has been no military event of great importance since the British made good Beaumont Hamel and its adjacent fortresses, took seven thousand prisoners, and consolidated the new positions there. We have made a few modest additions in the neighbourhood, especially in the direction of another invincible or semi-invincible German position at Grandcourt, and are waiting to read with some zest what the next German High Staff report, for home consumption, has to say of the Beaumont Hamel retirement to "previously prepared positions". We believe that one of their last home consumption reports announced that the British officers on horseback led closely massed British troops, as usual, inebriated, to the shambles. We wonder, will they tell us in their coming report what was the liquor used for storming Beaumont Hamel and Beaucourt? Was it champagne?

There is no reason to groan yet over hard-pressed Roumania, for the Roumanians themselves are far from proclaiming that all is lost; but there is every reason why we should rejoice over the improving prospect all round on the Western front. People who can squat in their armchairs and belittle as slow work a campaign that has ended for ever the peril of Verdun, that has led to the capture of seventy to eighty thousand German soldiers, and that has never once looked back, must have diseased or strongly decadent minds, or they must be lovers of other lands than their own. We can safely put our faith in the Allied assault on the Somme. It is one of great armies greatly led. The best bodies and the best brains within our Empire are engaged upon it: and high-handed—if only we send them men and munitions—they are going to carry it, despite the snivelling critics, to a glorious conclusion.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

At the beginning of this war free enlistment for military service produced two sorts of soldiers—volunteers and *the volunteers*—differing as widely as hard work all day long and hobbies for leisure time. Volunteers went of their own accord from civil freedom into the profession of arms to become expert fighting men, bound to their country for service in the field and proud to bear with zest and zeal a life of incessant compulsion. In their soldiership only one thing was voluntary, and this one thing was the free will that directed their choice of a most exacting discipline; but it was enough to make them volunteers. If they were less thorough in their choice they tried to enter the ranks of *the volunteers*, who kept always in touch with their civilian life and who learnt their drill for the pay of patriotism. Little by little these two classes of volunteers passed through many changes, the professional one drifting through phases of capricious and noisy compulsion into a system of obligatory service, while *the volunteers* became a home force recruited mainly from men over the military age.

We use the word "mainly" because the volunteers have trained many officers, and have attracted many young men exempted from service in the Army by their work or by some physical weakness; but to-day

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they may be described as a force of amateur veterans whose duties keep them close to the fireside of defence, and therefore at a distance from the firing-line of attack. They have a spirit equal and similar to that of the much younger volunteers who in 1803 took up arms against the plan of invasion that Napoleon elaborated at Boulogne. At the beginning of 1804, when the population of England was less than nine millions, no fewer than 341,600 volunteers formed a reserve behind the militia and the regulars and the Navy. We should praise ourselves less to-day if we studied the volunteers who rallied to England's aid between 1798 and 1805, when the danger of invasion was ended at Trafalgar. It is said that the British Isles between 1798 and 1805 raised the number of their volunteers to 410,000—a fine number, indeed, for their small population. But the volunteers of to-day show by their mature years that they belong to a more disciplined time than that which Nelson and Wellington rescued. Obligatory service gives dignity to life in a time of peril, and confers honour on the volunteers, who now represent the fatherhood of the nation.

Until Lord French became Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, not much true encouragement was given to the volunteer corps, and men with grey hair met with mild banter in the streets when they happened to march in step behind some active young fellows who were retained for war service in Government offices. Recently a man of fifty-five related his experiences. He greatly enjoyed the work, but it made so many calls both on his time and on his purse that he had soon to choose between it and his profession. He found, too, that men over fifty need companions of their own age in military exercises, just as boxers need antagonists of their own weight and years. Though a visit to the country for shooting practice cost him about ten shillings, and though other expenses grew and grew, he could never feel that he was of any use at all, because the position of the volunteers seemed nearer to official tolerance than to official recognition and encouragement. But he learnt one day that an amused section of the public set some value on volunteers who looked old. An octogenarian said to him: "I'm far too aged to be a greybeard decoy, else I'd be one to-morrow. Then I should help to shame the thousands of young fellows who decline to enlist. Every volunteer with a grey beard, while helping to amuse the streets, causes a slacker here and there to join the Army."

This attitude towards the utility of the older volunteers appears to have been a common one about sixteen months ago; but fair recognition came bit by bit, and Lord French has put new life and vigour into all the volunteer corps. His speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet was excellent, and his tours of inspection take his goodwill from town to town. He has faith in the volunteers, and they are learning from this inspiration to have confidence in themselves. Lord French said at the Guildhall: "I am struck with the excellent material of which they are composed, and with the zealous ardour which animates all ranks. I feel quite convinced that if an enemy ever lands on these shores the volunteers will take a great and worthy part in repelling him. On this subject of invasion I will say only this: We must always act and appear as if we believed and knew invasion to be possible, and then we shall never be taken by surprise."

One thing in the position of the volunteers remains obscure, and it invites their criticism. Though the war is now in its third year, they have not yet been armed in a full and proper manner; and after due allowance has been made for the ever-increasing strain which our Armies and our Allies have put upon all manufacturers, a few reasonable questions should be asked and answered. If the volunteers are physically fit for war service at home, and if an invasion is possible enough to merit serious attention, what useful fighting purpose can they serve with a very imperfect supply of weapons? Can they sort their best men into emergency regiments to relieve from home defence

an equal number of young soldiers? Everyone knows that they have done, and are doing day by day, many useful and necessary things; but we are thinking now of their fighting value. While their equipment for active service remains incomplete, their immediate fighting value is too much like that of ill-made shells, and their time and expense and goodwill are to a large extent wasted.

Many improvements have certainly been made in their equipment, and Lord French says that the Government will be able now to do a great deal for the arming of the volunteers. No doubt more would have been done last year if their terms of service had been stricter. As any man in their ranks can leave in a fortnight, their engagement to the State has no binding power of a military sort, and there has been too much leniency also in another matter—the physical fitness of the volunteers for battle-service. Every man should pass a thorough medical examination, and then be trained for the work that he is fit to do during an invasion. Men over fifty are rarely strong enough for active service under present-day conditions, but they are useful as a military police in towns and for some other duties. So we believe that every corps ought to know precisely how many men are fit for active service in the field, and how many others for light work. There should be fighting companies and companies for non-combatant services.

Again, Lord French believes that no volunteer at the present time would leave his corps, "but war is a hard school, and it is very difficult to gauge the depth of anyone's patriotism until it has been tried in the fire of that stern discipline without which an armed force is absolutely useless. . . . The Government cannot possibly embark on expenditure for arms and equipment so long as the engagement to serve may be terminated in fourteen days." So the volunteers are going to be asked officially whether they will agree to serve to the end of the war.

When they consider this question, many of them will find that their eager patriotism will be more or less at odds with their business affairs and home duties. From month to month the war presses heavier on those who are poor; uncertainty enters more and more into the security of their household life; and they know that rifle practice and the handling of machine-guns, with other additions to their training, will demand much time in the coming months if the War Office provides all necessities, including camps and instructors. Many persons talk as if they believed that patriotism either frees the volunteers from the cares and costs of business and of family life or raises all their incomes to a level of secure comfort. Many thousands can afford to do what many thousands of their companions have no moral right to undertake. Hence the necessary thing is to know precisely how much time in a week every volunteer can give to his training from now to the end of the war; and the training should be in accord with the medical report on his health and physical strength.

Though a great deal has to be done in the organisation of the volunteers, it is not overmuch to say that they are now a more serious factor than they have ever been before. Lord French does full justice to their spirit, to their fervour, and he assures them that they are wanted. He has had the King's commands more than once to thank them on the King's part for their loyalty and patriotism; and the Government and the War Office now look upon the volunteers as necessary to the arrangements for home defence.

MAN-POWER: AND MUSIC.

A KEEN argument has been going on for several weeks in the "correspondence" of the SATURDAY REVIEW which we shall have to close, lest it should last through the war. Besides, it has threatened to snow us out with letters of rebuke and letters of encouragement, and paper in these days has to be economised. Mr. Holbrooke, who started the argument, pleads that German music—Beethoven and

Bach, Wagner too (and Strauss)—should be given a refreshing rest during the war, and British composers made to do their "bit" instead. In fact, intern the German masters in a harmonious Donington Hall during the war, and train young or middle-age England, so that we may come by our own musically as well as materially. Frankly, we do not think it practicable to shut them all up in Donington and keep them there during the war and settlement: it would be as difficult as imprisoning them in the "viewless winds"; they would escape through the barbed wire, and the British people is so soft-hearted, it would lionise them all the more for their internment, and then where would our friend Mr. Holbrooke be?—worse off than ever. We cannot pursue this particular argument further to-day, for there is a more pressing, infinitely more menacing, one, which has to be tackled at once, and firmly adhered to till the end of the war, unless we are to lose that war, and with it lose pretty well all that spiritually, intellectually, and materially matters on earth. We will only add this as to the musical debate: Mr. Holbrooke's attempt to get, by way of a change, a hearing for British musical talent is a straight and honest one. One can go with him the whole way there. If anyone suggests, moreover, that he has been trying to push his own selfish interests, that person is mistaken. Mr. Holbrooke is a composer of high distinction, and he is above such vulgar device.

But to turn to the larger, the general question that, more or less, is behind this correspondence: how are we to rid ourselves of the German influence, often subtle and intellectual, which for years past has been growing and growing, eating into us, too near our vitals to be pleasant? Some say, stop German music here; others say, stop German language and philosophy; others say, stop German theories and systems of education and organisation; also German finance; German social and political influence, lately, at any rate, so noticeable in important circles; stop German trading; and so forth. Well, there is a great deal in these lines of advice, though more in some than in others. We must strike off, as far as is truly practicable, the hand, seen or unseen, of the enemy here. The less we share home and board with the German, the better for the purity and the security of our people.

But the one great pressing business which should be in hand, dominating, utterly dwarfing, everything else to-day, is to crush the German down in the field. It is disheartening, at times it is exasperating, to people who have any war instinct to notice how multitudes of men and women at home—perhaps more men than women (for the women are often drastic)—start and dart after all manner of hares and raise all manner of excited cries over things that not only—by comparison—do not much matter, but that even serve to unconcentrate us nationally against the immensely powerful enemy, Germany. War baby this and war baby that are constantly helping, Puck-like, to divert our attention and energies from the one mighty problem of life or death to-day. Fancy running after war babies when there are from two million to two million and a half enemy soldiers, with a mighty war machine behind them, facing us and our Ally in France to-day: facing us, and sure to destroy us unless we destroy them.

To beat down the enemy in the field, to get rid of the seen hand, we shall have to take, in the very near future, some drastic steps in home organisation. What is happening in Germany to-day is an object-lesson in this. There is no doubt whatever that the Germans are overhauling the whole of their human machinery at home, and preparing to use every available man for war work of some kind. The frightful, inhuman seizure and deportation of Belgians for labour, and the conscribing of Poles, are part of their plans for the 1917 campaign; but they are also sorting out anew their own men of serviceable years and re-grouping these in various ways; and, as a result, we shall find that well before next spring they will be able to strengthen and sustain their huge forces in the West,

and perhaps find several more army corps for the East.

Great Britain is bound to reorganise her man-power at home by way of counter-campaign. "National service for all" is a mere sounding cry, and when closely examined is found to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of National Service. Compulsion for women of fit age and physique, for example, is preposterous. It is a subject for a farce at a theatre, not for statecraft. But man-labour at home ought to be organised far more effectively than it is to-day, and this should be done by the Labour representatives and the State working out the matter themselves. There is also a very considerable seam in the great middle class mine of excellent manhood, which the State will have to turn its attention to. If a census could be taken to-morrow, it would be found that there is a large number of strong and capable men in this country who are not doing their share in war work. Yet it would be discovered that they are patriotic and willing enough. Why should not the country avail itself of their, let us say, extra time?

We are not dealing in this article, directly, with recruiting for the actual fighting forces of the Army, but may take the opportunity to say this: the question of using coloured men, either for fighting or for labour behind the firing lines, is coming to the front. The native races of Africa, etc., might supply us with at least half a million workers or fighters. The "Sunday Times" was lately pressing this question. Why not prepare to draw on this colour source?

"THE WAY TO SHORT STREET."

THE remarks of Mr. Runciman this week concerning sundry restaurants and their regular clientèle were severe, and the action now to be taken by the Government in this connection is severe. But can it really be disputed that there is a substantial Government case? It would be far better if decent moderation were practised all round, but it is not; and there are the new-rich of the war, who suddenly find themselves with more than they ever dreamt of, and who are anxious to "blow" it. Unfortunately, their example moves those who are not new-rich also to "blow" it, and the Government naturally has had to step in. In the SATURDAY REVIEW of a little more than fifteen months ago was printed a leading article with the above title. It was the result of some visits to the most popular scenes of gastronomic action and, shall we say, theatrical action. It held good then, and it holds good to-day.

"We recall a story about a famous black gowned told us long ago by one who was taken to hear him preach. 'You go for a walk on Sunday—do you know where you're walking to?' exclaimed the preacher. 'You're walking straight to Hell.' The black gowned's saying has occurred to us lately in regard to a very common scene in those parts of London whither a crowd of pleasure-seekers drive or stroll out to dine and be amused at some popular theatre or music hall. Only it has occurred to us with a variation: instead of Sunday we would substitute any day in the week, and instead of Hell we would substitute the workhouse. We do not intend a sermon—or if a sermon, a strictly secular one—but rather to point out that this crowd, a large and very merry-making crowd, is going quite the wrong way to work should it really desire to come out of this war (and the uncommonly lean years which are to follow the war) with, financially, a whole skin.

"Our merry-making crowd, so far as can be observed, is by no means a particularly naughty or immoral one. We dare say its sins are no grosser than the sins of those walkers on Sunday whom the preacher consigned to everlasting flames. Many rowdier crowds have at various periods been seen in London and other large cities, and we do not suggest or suppose that it gives the police any anxiety or extra work to speak of, or that its form of refreshment and form of entertainment are very shocking to Mrs. Grundy herself: it only sets forth to laugh at giddy plays and vapid piffle. But

the point is not whether the thing is wicked or no—the point is that the thing is wasteful and unwise. The truth is our festive crowd of restaurant and revue merry-makers has not yet really got hold of the brutal fact that the country—including the merry-makers—is engaged in a harsh struggle, ultimately for existence, with a determined and vicious enemy; and that to come out of this struggle alive, or half alive, the country—including the merry-makers—must concentrate its efforts on the war. Part, a large part indeed, of that necessary concentration is in economising our national resources in all reasonable ways. Economising our national resources does not mean that we shall go about in sackcloth and ashes, moaning and groaning about the clear fact that Germany has the upper hand to-day on land; nor that we should deny ourselves reasonable comforts and entertainments; nor that we should forgo the refining influences that raise men above the beast creation—good recreation in the considered sense of that ill-treated word, good literature, good art. But it does mean that we shall refrain sternly from throwing away our money lavishly on kickshaws and trumpery. This is not merely the view of some nasty disagreeable misanthrope or spoilsport or some ‘sowre complexioned’ Puritan. Nor is it the view of some dismal, croaking ‘pessimist’. For instance, there is the Prime Minister. He, who cannot be accused of being an alarmist or an exaggerator about the war, has let it be known that we must reasonably economise our resources; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is not more given to panic than the Prime Minister, has let it be known; and astute men in figures, on both sides in politics, have during the last few weeks been preaching the same secular sermon. A wit, speaking of a political party, said that where its members were agreed they were not precise and where they were precise they were not agreed. But in this matter the members of both parties, wonderful to relate, are agreed and precise: they tell the people to be sparing of refreshments and to be sparing of useless luxuries—and who can seriously doubt that the merry-making in question is, to-day, in the nature of a useless luxury?

The merry-makers are not awake to the actual nature of the struggle, and have not comprehended how much hangs on the issue. There are probably several reasons why they have not been awakened to it so far. For one reason, there is the British Fleet, which, by subduing the spirit of the enemy's Fleet and bottling it up, enables merchant vessels to bring in food much as usual. For another reason, money appears to be flush enough—the fact that it poured into the Treasury in hundreds of millions lately with a sound of great rejoicing seems evidence of that. Then there is the obvious fact that in London we are not exactly stripped as yet of our youth and vigour as are less fortunate Continental cities, which serves to keep up the spirits or the illusions of our merry-makers. Besides, there is the fact that for seven or eight months past—till quite lately, indeed, when Mr. Lloyd George and a few other ‘croakers’ and ‘panic-mongers’ have struck a jarring note—the merry-makers have read and heard in the morning, and read and heard again at night, that the war must now soon be over. They have been given to understand through placards and headlines full of fortitude and patriotic hopefulness that it is nearly all up with the enemy; that America is extremely stern and angry and only needs a little more nudging by people over here; the Balkans on the verge, and so forth. ‘Let us eat, drink, and be merry-making, for to-morrow or next month we are through at the Dardanelles’ is not quite a caricature of the attitude of the more sanguine section of the London public.

But, supposing even that their ‘anticipation of events before they occur’ is intelligent, supposing we are ‘through’ to-morrow or next month in this campaign or that, the glib merry-makers are, all the same, on the wrong tack. They are forgetting all about the bill, which has not been made out, much less sent in. They will presently be faced by it, and it will not be, as national service is at this moment, a debt of

honour. It will be compulsory, it will be a conscript account, and it will fall especially hard on those who, with moderate means, have overdone, however innocently, the revue business. There is a tag from Tennyson worth occasionally remembering about truth which flies the flowing can, but haunts the vacant cup. Truth will haunt the vacant cup of the merry-makers with a vengeance presently, when the cruel facts about the war are driven like hot iron into them; and when even their funny papers with latest pictures of the favourite dancer fail to solace them. It may ‘all be over’ with them in a year’s time, if they are not careful, instead of being over with the war.”

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 121) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE SITUATION.

GERMANY has given the Allies in the past fourteen days a fairly solid warning that although the tide of war in the West may have set against her, yet she is determined to fight out the contest to the last, on the soil which her victorious armies won for her two years ago. The Allies have the proof of this before them. Rather than retreat and withdraw her armies to a fresh strategic line of defence, thereby offering a considerable shortage of front and an economy of manpower, Germany prefers to call out her industrial manhood and womanhood for the defence of the Fatherland, and thus take up the challenge of her enemies to a test of endurance, and allow the war to become a struggle in which the aim of both sides is to wear down the other. Germany by this move has cleverly again anticipated the ideas of her enemies. She has resolved that the foot of the foreigner is not to touch the sacred soil of the Teuton. The demon of reprisals is not to be let loose upon the rich provinces of the Rhineland as long as a German fighting man can be found with means at hand to resist. It is a bold conception of war. As the most hated of Germany’s enemies in the camp of the Allies, it is perhaps a direct answer to the challenge of England. Germany sees in this free country many new loopholes for a premature peace, which she regards as escape valves for the pent-up steam of a year ago, when the whole people of Great Britain were animated but by one idea. Germany should be taught that she has miscalculated the spirit that unites the Allies in this their third year of war. She must not be allowed to build hopes of peace on the speeches of irresponsible politicians, but must see in British determination a reflection of the action recently taken by herself. The organisation, administration, and execution of Germany’s campaign of 1917 is already thought out, and the details entrusted to the most perfect of War Staffs. That the directors of the war machinery have no anxiety as to their prospects of sustaining the combat in the West as long as it suits them is evident by the persistent manner in which the German armies dispute, inch by inch, the advance of the Allies when attacked in the region of the Ancre and the Somme, and by the confidence they display on a lengthy front of some 430 miles. Germany knows that to drive her armies into a retreat from their defensive works the Allies will require a force quite out of proportion to that which they now display. Germany has been able to gauge the power of the modern defensive, firstly from her own five months’ effort against the fortress of Verdun, and, secondly, from the sacrifices she herself has been called upon to make during the past four months in the region of the Somme and the Ancre. In spite of a courage which has been unprecedented in war, in spite of a combination of fire in the fight from

guns, rifles, and airmen that has astonished the military world by its perfection, the German has yielded no strategic point that has imperilled his system of defences, and although we are right in assuming that his troops are woefully shaken in moral, yet there are still many miles of excellent terrain whereon he can build up a new array of defences and pause to dispute the issue for a period longer than civilians have anticipated. Both Germans and Anglo-French have learned that to gain strategic points of value attacks on narrow fronts are of little avail. Brusiloff in the East afforded a good teaching how to proceed against hostile armies weakened by extension. It was not the German who robbed him of a triumph, but the German railways. We know what a master of railway arrangement is the German. A system of strategic lines of communications in rear has undoubtedly been evolved and constructed to anticipate the loss or threat to any of the lines which France possessed in pre-war days. Indeed, it is this extraordinary gift of foreseeing rocks ahead that has proved so far the salvation of Germany. The surest way of countering a danger is to anticipate it, and unless we take our courage in both hands, and are ready prepared to meet extreme situations, we shall allow an astute enemy to prolong the struggle with increasing slowness. The war has proved to us that to defeat the German at his own game an active mind is required to visualise the innumerable possibilities which the enemy may devise for active hostilities in the enormously extended area of warfare, and have means duly prepared to meet them. His position as a Central Power gives him enormous advantages; but he would have been robbed of many of these had a directing mind controlled the movements of the forces of the Allies in their endeavour during the first year of the war to encircle the Central Powers with something more than the semblance of an iron girdle. The German, although now on the ebb tide of success, is so far ahead of the Allies in their conception of war that he is still able to confound their ideas by a succession of surprises. It has ever been so since the beginning, and is the reward of the professional in his duel with the amateur. We were surprised when the war began. We are surprised that it has lasted so long. We shall probably be surprised at its conclusion. How few ever looked to see the theatre extended from the Baltic to Baghdad, to witness the obliteration of Serbia and Montenegro, to find Bulgaria in arms against Russia—her deliverer from Ottoman slavery—and to read of Turkey in deadly conflict against her old ally, Great Britain! An astute diplomacy, rooted in military strategy, has given enormous power to German arms, and no one knows better than she does how to profit by her opportunities. The year 1917 is dawning upon the gigantic struggle, and we in Great Britain may well ask whether, during the next twelve months, we are prepared to put an end, for good and all, to the horrors of the past twenty-eight months. Men and munitions must be the deciding factors in the coming contest—both of them in their millions. The sacrifices of the past two years will be as nothing compared to what will be demanded of our manhood if the terms of peace which we proclaim as our minimum are to be accepted. Somewhat tardily we seem to rely upon a tighter system of blockade to hasten the downfall of the German. A weak piece of diplomacy has already robbed us of a year's exercise of the full use of this power.

The war plague of hunger, with typhus, dysentery, and other ailments following in its wake, might have been of some service had our Navy a year ago been

allowed scope for the purpose for which it is built. The fortune of war has come to the side of our enemy just when he begins to feel the pinch of the blockade which has been so hesitatingly imposed on him. It may be right to affirm that a Power like Germany, should she find herself on the brink of starvation, would march boldly into Roumania, with or without leave, and take what she required. Necessity with her knows no laws, as we well know. Fate has thrown Roumania into the jaws of the enemy just when those frameworks of mastication were showing signs of paralysis. The German hunger-march offers some prospect of success, and the populations of the Central Powers have some hope of a food supply for many months to come. We are indeed miles behind the German in his conception of the opportunities which war affords to meet the laws of necessities.

The German gamble in the South-Eastern theatre shows at present many chances in his favour. Foiled in his attempt to slice Roumania in half by a direct movement from both the Dobrudja on the east and the Predeal Pass on the west, the recent success of von Falkenhayn at the Vulcan Pass points to a design that will open the path of the Austro-German armies at the gates of the Danube at Orsova, whence a free entry to the rich plains of the Latin kingdom lies open to the enemy. The result depends upon two factors—the power of resistance of the Roumanian armies; the degree of offensive that can be launched at strategic points, both in the Western and Eastern theatres of war. The number of men at the disposal of Austro-Germany is limited. A stout battle or two in Roumania would test their resources for a prolonged struggle. True, they still have Bulgaria and Turkey to draw upon as cannon fodder; but a withdrawal of the German stiffening in the Balkans, whether owing to heavy losses or otherwise, would cause a grave shock to public confidence in Germany. Hindenburg, apparently, is satisfied that he has time enough on his side to favour the execution of his task. He is conscious of his ability to hold the Russian to his defence works, and he sees nothing in the strategy of the Somme offensive to disturb or modify his hold upon the captured lands of France and Belgium. Our hope of success in the coming year's campaign remains with ourselves. An army equipped in every way to sustain a prolonged offensive, an early start on that offensive, a strategic design in that offensive, which will compel the German to conform to our will, and our men will do the rest, but for a triumph in the contest they must be favoured by one ally—numbers.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE DAILY MAIL.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.*

FEW of the scribes who so vigilantly note the changes to be caused in our national life by the war have said anything about the fact that four or five million of our men, with their belongings at home, have become confirmed letter writers, of whom at least half, before the war, had probably not written more than a dozen letters in their lives. Now they all write with a regularity that is the despair of the officers who have to censor their effusions. Readers of the papers may imagine that that much-talked-of official, Base Censor, is the man who does the work of censoring. It is not so. The real job of censoring, like most other jobs, falls on that versatile and overworked man, the platoon commander. And anyone who has returned to his dug-out after a spell of duty in the trench, longing

* Previous articles in this series appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 22 July, 9 September, and 4 November.

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for food and sleep, only to be confronted with the letters of his platoon, required at battalion headquarters at once, will know what I mean. This is one of the most curious relationships established by the war. Three years ago who in the world would have entrusted his love letters, his domestic affairs, all his private wants and his family gossip to the eyes of a total stranger? Yet that is what happens to every man serving abroad to-day, and it is another proof, if one were needed, of the mutual trust that exists between our officers and our men, that no complaint of the censorship is ever heard, and that men express themselves in their letters with as much frankness and warmth as if it were they, and not their officer, who was to seal the envelope. An officer has many privileges in this war, and this, though he grumbles at it, is one of them.

But consider what this increase of letter writing means. It is possible, so they say, to get so used to one's wife or one's parents that one practically ceases to be aware of their existence, with deplorable results. But no man can write to another without an effort of memory and imagination. The mind travels back to the home left behind: little traits, long forgotten, of feature or behaviour are recalled, and memories of this sort, sentimental as they are apt to be, and always dwelling on the brighter side, teach us to realise the good things we have left behind and to look forward with a new zest to a resumption of "the daily round, the common task", which once seemed commonplace and tedious. It was a dull job that we had, and the street was an ugly one, and the neighbours nothing to boast of; but nothing could exceed the monotony or the ugliness of the trenches, and no neighbours could be more undesirable than the Boche. So as we sit in dug-out or on fire step, writing on any old piece of paper with a pencil that has seen better days, we get a new scale of values and learn to appreciate our possessions at their true worth. And the Londoner forgets the mud, and is carried back to the tumult and the shouting, the glint of the lamplight on greasy streets, and the crowd outside the cinema, and the countryman remembers his fields and hedges and pleasant evenings at the "Spotted Cow", and they are both the better and happier for it: and all because they have simply stated their hopes that "this finds you in the pink, as it leaves me at present".

Letters, moreover, give an outlet to the emotions which is denied to the non-epistolary man. If a man feels cross, he writes home about it, and prophesies that the war will be over in a month or two—"at least, I hope it will, for I can tell you I'm properly fed up with it, what with the mud up to our necks and rats running over our faces in billets". Now if he said this, or its equivalent, at home, he would be a nuisance to everyone, and would probably be told so, to the general discomfort. As it is he gets his proper need of sympathy, and the wise people at home are able to make allowance for his tantrums without allowing him to realise the fact. Result, general harmony all round. The soldier enjoys the luxury of grumbling. The wife escapes the discomfort, and has the pleasure of consoling him in a way that she would not dare to attempt were the grumbler on his family hearthstone. And, again, the love letters. The fire, the eloquence—but this is too sacred a subject for the profane pen. Suffice it to say that for force of expression and warmth of sentiment—even occasionally for picturesqueness of imagery—the amorous British soldier makes the most erotic of our neo-Georgian poets sound like seventeenth century Puritans, of which the simple explanation is that he means what he says, at least for the time being, which, fortunately for them and for others, is more than can be said of some of the neo-Georgians.

It is clear, then, so far, that letters from the Front are much more interesting than those from anywhere else. They have a reality of their own, and their writing is due not to social necessity, but to a heartfelt need somehow to keep in touch with people and things, once passively accepted, now passionately remembered or regretted. But this touch of romance is as nothing to that which surrounds the letters to the Front, at least to those who receive them. They look ordinary

enough, those drab, heavy sacks which the fatigue man dumps in the mud with a grunt. But within they are palpitating with the interest of a thousand scenes, the life of thousands of men and women. The British citizen, as he sits down at home to his breakfast ration of bacon and margarine, is as used to finding his letters on his table as he is to eating his breakfast. The same at midday; the same again at evening. Almost to the hour he can calculate when he will get replies to letters he has written. But out here the arrival or non-arrival of the mail is a matter for endless speculation, breathless hope, or blank despair. So little can stop the mails altogether. A severe battle, and its increased demand for munitions, food, and material; a careless engineer on the lines of communication; a change of divisions from one place to another; the mistake of some never-sufficiently-to-be-exercised individual at the Base: any of these things, and a hundred others, can produce those long faces, that air of general depression which go with—not a meatless but—a mail-less day. But when none of these things intervene, and the Field Post Office achieves its almost daily miracle—for it is a miracle—the scene is worthy the brush of the greatest of painters. First the lorry arrives, or, it may be, the wagon, and the cheerful rumour spreads, "Mail's in". The sacks are opened and the contents sorted with terrific enthusiasm. At last separate bundles are sorted: headquarters, A, B, C, and D companies. Off rush the orderlies to company headquarters, where the scene is repeated in miniature: officers, No. 1 platoon, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, signallers, stretcher bearers, company cooks; and the climax comes when the long-suffering platoon sergeant distributes to the men direct, longing all the time to tear open the one dear letter that rests in his tunic pocket, but knowing that he must hand out the others first. The men crowd round with looks resembling those of the lions in the "Zoo" at 3.59 p.m.; you can see faces grow longer and longer as the pile slowly diminishes, and still their name is not called, and then, just as the candle of hope is flickering down, "Ah, there's mine!" and he grabs his letter and rushes off into a corner to enjoy it, with smiles of anticipation twinkling all over his face, and little quiet chuckles as he dwells on each sentence, each familiar touch of the distant pen.

This may happen at any time. The Army knows neither night nor day. Its only divisions of time are those of work and rest, and letters arrive with a sublime impartiality in either of them. As a jest, they may arrive regularly for several days at breakfast time, and the next may come in the middle of a night spell of sentry duty, when the man must wait till he is relieved before he can get to a light to read. That last quarter of an hour is bitter-sweet indeed: endlessly long it seems, yet the letter is there, undeniably; nothing can alter that. And at once cares vanish and tempers improve. There is nothing quite so glorious as to go to sleep cross at the unnatural hour of 8 p.m. with a view to going on duty from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m., to wake up equally cross at 10.45, and suddenly to see a letter in the dear familiar handwriting, which has been laid on your table while you slept. The dug-out becomes a palace, the war almost tolerable.

So, dear people at home, write to us often. Do not tie yourself down to once or twice a week, but write when the spirit moves you; and see to it that it moves you pretty often. Write of the most trivial things, the most ridiculous incidents, any fanciful idea that comes into your mind. We would far rather hear that the baby has cut another tooth, or that the hens are laying well, than listen to your sage repetitions of the news that the war seems to be going very well. We were aware of that already: it is the other news that we want, and get excited about. We take Thiépval or Combles all as part of the day's work: what we ask from home is the day's play. And when you have written and posted your letter give thanks, first for the Navy, then for the Field Post Office, both workers of miracles in their own spheres of activity.

R. H.

ARGUTE LOQUI.

By ERNEST DIMNET

THE other day I went to the Sorbonne on the invitation of one of my colleagues who, I knew it, has been very selflessly busy for several months outside his native province, which is philosophy. I went into the Great Hall and wended my way to a region in this vast edifice which long experience has taught me lies between two murderous draughts, but at a safe distance from either. There were thousands of people waiting there already, and solacing their tedium by straining their eyes at far-away tiers, over which the light seemed to quiver as it does in an inaccessible rocky gully, or vacantly resting them on the fresco, the much-admired fresco which will convince posterity that Paris in the nineteenth century had chaste artistic tendencies, and took its delight in formal beauty.

Gradually the arm-chairs standing behind the long table underneath the fresco were filled, and famous names began to be whispered around. There was the greatest French philosopher, perhaps the greatest philosopher now living; there was the greatest French barrister, and there was the greatest French painter. Suddenly we saw arriving in a bunch the greatest economist, the most influential engineer, the richest contractor, and, modestly carrying a rolled-up manuscript, the greatest comedian. At last, in due time, one of the several men who have been in quick succession the greatest French politician—statesman, somebody said—appeared, and in three seconds smiled his way into his chair, managing to shake hands with everybody in transit.

Many a time have I sat at the feet of M. Bergson, basking in the warm light of his analyses, and blessing him for the happy smile on his monastic face. I also remember how the portly presence of M. Albert Besnard, one autumn afternoon when I was visiting the duc d'Aumale's gallery at Chantilly, suddenly lent reality to the masterpieces on the walls; and I have not forgotten that barely three years ago I followed the brave fight which M. Barthou made for the extension of the military service in a very different spirit from that in which I am now writing; but when M. Bergson lectures, or when M. Besnard criticises pictures, or when M. Barthou thinks of France instead of thinking of the French Academy, they are, so to speak, alone before us, and we realise the contrast between their power and our amateurishness. But in the remoteness of that enormous empty shell, the Great Hall of the Sorbonne, each individual man seems to occupy a ridiculously small space, and I ungratefully limited myself to noticing that M. Bergson was more shrunken and more ascetic than the last time I had seen him; that, on the contrary, M. Besnard looked unduly big in an ample Roman cape which suggested the thick-set, thick-leaved exotics on his own Trinità dei Monti, and that it is no treason to M. Barthou to think him what the English language used to call ill-favoured, that is to say—Heaven forgive me!—very ugly.

Ten minutes before walking into the Sorbonne I had come across one of our men at the College—no chicken, as the phrase goes—a man of forty-three, who, two years ago, and even during the first months of the war, used to spend his days in the Archives rooms, but now stood before me a rusty poilu, in a helmet and black beard, but with singularly luminous eyes, the eyes of the men who have seen it, whatever it is, and have stood the sight. As long as the war lasts it will never do to meet with a poilu, to hear the plain, brief sentences in which he infallibly describes what he calls his work, to see him good-humouredly shrug his shoulders when he is asked certain questions just before entering a place where there is danger of being treated to a superabundance of talk.

Now the society for the Union Française—the birth of which I had come to witness—could not use language to conjure up deeds already done, as it was merely passing from the potential into the actual before our eyes, nor could it open up great vistas of hope, as

union partakes of the nature of love, and is best described post eventum, and by its effects. So we feel more or less vaguely that the Sorbonne ran a great risk of acting that afternoon as a foil to the front. The protagonists themselves felt it: they bobbed and grinned and shook hands round their table somewhat nervously, and when the endless round of speeches began they showed it even more. The French love la belle parole as the English love sports, and while you cannot conceive of the least event at Lord's without a considerable expenditure of appreciative monosyllables, you cannot imagine a room in which Frenchmen indulge in their national recreation of speech without similar manifestations, but of a much more enthusiastic description. When M. Bergson had finished his address—a philosophic rehandling of another excellent discourse delivered the day before by M. Deschanel—everybody bobbed in his direction with outstretched hands and earnest faces highly expressive of the conviction they felt that the orator had really wronged them by being apologetic for sounding practical and for putting himself at the head of a society with statutes, money, and a staff of lecturers. It was the same when M. Albert Besnard had told us what he thought or hoped French art would be after the war, and I began to hear in my inner ear the hackneyed formula which nobody thinks odd in the section of the "Journal Officiel" devoted to Parliamentary reports: "The orator, going back to his seat, receives the congratulations of his colleagues". Now imagine the effect if, on the conclusion of his sermon, an eloquent preacher were met in the chancel by the other canons and received their congratulations. There was the same ignorance of the laws of perspective in what we witnessed, and it was made worse by the number of orators we had before our eyes, and by their arrangement in close formation at the table with the green baize.

There was in the hall an atmosphere of great seriousness, it is true, when the most influential engineer and the richest contractor—not when the greatest economist—spoke: they were men who are used to figures, and seem to remind you all the time that time is money. But they had the unwise condescension to indulge in a few adjectives with which they wanted to propitiate the genius loci, and this was their loss. For those few adjectives they were congratulated in a manner at first reticent and reserved, but as they began to beam, with an increasingly fraternal familiarity. Immediately after the greatest comedian read the poem he had brought with him, and from that moment the thin ice, the imponderable veneer, the film of practicalness and seriousness there had been over the function, vanished, and when the greatest barrister—M. Henri-Robert, of course—spoke, and when the statesman, M. Barthou, concluded the proceedings in fine form and in high spirits, playing with his watchguard, as after-dinner speakers do—both of these accomplished professional speech-makers took no more trouble for keeping up appearances, and held forth in sheer delight about the great art of speaking, and their respective proficiency in it. O my dear countrymen, what an honest, transparent nation we are, after all! and how much better you did to show your true natures than to dissemble them merely because fighting was going on near by.

On the platform, close to the superlatives at the table, I had noticed a young officer in a grey cloak, who listened to the orators with military politeness. When M. Albert Lambert began to read the poem I noticed that he became more interested, and as the poem was only a powerful imitation of Hugo, I was sorry that he should show that interest. As the poem went on, and grew no better, I took a dislike to that young lieutenant. What was he doing there while his friends were so differently engaged? Could he possibly be—yes, I heard the word whispered in my ear by some evil spirit—an embusqué? But when Albert Lambert had hurled his last quatrain at Germany, and sat down under a thunder of applause, the superlatives looked round towards the young

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officer, who rose and saluted. And while I realised that he was the author of the poem, the motion he made to salute opened his cloak and disclosed the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honour on his coat. Rem militarem! Argutè loqui! Eternal truths!

PRIVATE OMER-COOPER.

LATELY two articles have been printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW by Wilfred Omer-Cooper: the first, "A Fishing Village" (30 September); and the second, "The Downs" (18 November). The quality of neither could be in doubt: both were transparently sincere, informed by an intense love of Nature, a mysterious kinship with the solemn downs and the gleaming estuaries and the large open spaces, vouchsafed only to a few—the Shelleys and Thoreaus and Richard Jefferies of this world. Many care for Nature, and wish to give up hours to her; but passing few are those who are ready to stand aside from the competition for success, from worldly excitements and prizes, and live to their utmost the simple, open life: the life that does not pay. The author of "The Downs" was clearly of this exclusive, small circle. He combined an exquisite sensibility with a gift of research in Nature overlooked by the great majority of Nature students. He had been chosen a member of the Linnean Society through his curious, minute studies in marine forms of life, touched on in the earlier of his two sketches printed in the REVIEW. Further, he was an explorer in the customs and language of the Romanies. He was growing to be master, too, of a pure style of English.

But it is ended. He went out to France in August, a private in a bankers' battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and, as told in the REVIEW lately, was "missing" in September. It is now known that he was killed on 26 September on one of the Somme battlefields during a glorious British attack. Wilfred Omer-Cooper was twenty-one years of age. "I know that I never shall be able to see the work that lies before me, but must bow my soul to obey, even as my path shall be shown unto me. The cool breezes and the voices of the waters and the crying of the seagulls have laid hold of my heart, and my way lies straight before me, for I am bound up with the things of peace for ever, and all the dwellers on the shore and in the cool waters of the harbour are in league with me. . . . The dreams of my childhood come before me, but I know that I must face my fate without murmuring. All the toil and worry of life are forgotten, and God's peace has wrapped itself about my heart for ever. I will wait patiently: the desire of my heart shall be fulfilled unto me."

These words, in his article, "A Fishing Village", were among the last he wrote; and they held a prophecy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD CROMER AND ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—May I be allowed the hospitality of your columns to draw attention to what I think you will grant is a matter of some international importance, a matter of no less importance, indeed, than the maintenance of friendly relations between this country and Italy.

A few weeks ago a meeting was held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Earl of Cromer, to inaugurate the "Serbian Society of Great Britain".

The "Serbian Society" declares its main objects to be:

- (1) To promote close relations with Serbia and with the Southern Slav race as a whole.
- (2) To make clear the importance of a united Southern Slav State as a permanent safeguard of European freedom.
- (3) To work for a friendly agreement between the Southern Slavs, Italy, and Roumania.
- (4) To work for Southern Slav union for sentimental, political, economic, and strategic reasons.
- (5) To co-operate with all kindred societies within and without the British Commonwealth.

These objects are summarised from the Society's prospectus, and it is noteworthy that, after the mention of Serbia in the first paragraph, the idea of Serb gives way to that of Southern Slav. (The Serbs of Serbia and Montenegro represent only about 4,000,000 out of 12,000,000 Southern Slavs.) The word, having justified the title of "Serbian Society of Great Britain", drops out.

The "Serbian Society" is then, in practice, the Southern or Jugo Slav Society of Great Britain, and this fact is very important, for it establishes the young Society immediately as akin to the "Jugo-Slav Committee" of London, Paris, and Geneva, a relationship which was recognised by Lord Cromer, who knew that the aims of that Committee were diametrically opposed to the aims of Italy. He has therefore been at great pains to make it evident that:

"If there had been the least intention of adopting an attitude hostile to Italy and to her best interests—which, of course, include provision for her national security and for her predominance in the Adriatic—I should never have joined the Society".

But the Jugo-Slav Committee (vide its pamphlets and its map) has as its definite object the foundation of a State of Southern Slavia which will include Trieste, Istria, the Italian cities of Dalmatia, and the Dalmatian Islands, as well as Croatia, Serbia, etc.

Though Lord Cromer has expressly dissociated himself from any movement that claims Istria and Trieste for the Southern Slavs, he has by no means satisfied our Italian friends that he is not a supporter of the Southern Slav programme. Indeed, co-operation with the Jugo-Slav Committee is explicitly implied in paragraph 5, quoted above. And Italy, as reflected both by its most representative newspapers—such as the "Tribuna", "Giornale d'Italia", "Corriere della Sera", "Mattino", "Idea Nazionale", etc.—and by leading Italians in this country, cannot understand why prominent British publicists are deliberately lending the support of their names to what is self-evidently an anti-Italian policy.

It has been stated over and over again by the two leading statesmen of Italy—Sig. Boselli and Sig. Bissolati—that Italy came into the war to reclaim all Italia Irredenta (which includes all those Italian cities like Sebenico, Spalato, and Zara in Dalmatia and the Dalmatian Islands, as well as Trieste and Istria), and thereby establish once and for all her command of the Adriatic, which is so essential to her national security and national prosperity.

This is Italy's declared programme. Any programme which claims those regions for another nation is anti-Italian.

It is surely ill-timed, then, for us to lend our support, or even to seem to lend our support—for in the realms of international relations there can be no subtle niceties or mental reservations—to a propaganda which is so patently antagonistic to Italian aspirations as that of the Southern Slav Committee.

I dare not trespass further on your space to touch more fully upon Adriatic problems, but it would be as well, perhaps, to refer to the fact that Serbia's claim to an outlet on the Adriatic is fully recognised by Italy, whose relations with Serbia are entirely friendly.

I am, Sir,
A LOVER OF ITALY.

25 November 1916.

LORD HALDANE AND HIS RECORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Chelsea,

November 1916.

SIR,—A question having arisen as to the correctness of my statement in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 11 November that Lord Haldane, far from reducing the strength of our artillery, increased it, I must point out, to prove the accuracy of what I wrote, that the General Staff fixed the number of horse and field batteries for the Expeditionary Force at sixty-six. Lord Haldane was always guided by the opinion and advice of the Army Council and General Staff, who were as loyal to him as he was to them. The available number of batteries in 1905 was but forty-two; these were increased to seventy-two, and ultimately to eighty-one, among which were the new howitzers, which were invaluable in the early days of the war, and were, in fact, the only heavy artillery on our side, as the French then had none, while the Germans had been piling up heavy guns and munitions in secrecy for years, till the Kaiser was able to say that Germany could not be defeated—"Krupp would give her the victory". It is difficult to imagine how first the rumours and then the statements arose that Lord Haldane and his Army Council had reduced the artillery, for the paramount importance of that arm was, I am confident, never for a moment lost sight of by them.

Had the sinister designs of the Kaiser and his War Party been fathomed and unmasked earlier, no doubt Lord Haldane and his military advisers would have made out their case and enormously increased our artillery and the rest of our armed forces. We are awake now, and are paying for having, like the rest of Europe, gone to sleep. But, instead of blaming and making a scapegoat of Lord Haldane, we ought to be full of gratitude for the work which he did when Secretary of State for War, and not least for the manner in which he expanded the artillery.

Your obedient servant,
ALFRED E. TURNER.

P.S.—I must ask your permission to correct an error, or a partial error, in my letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW of 11 November. The reduction of the twenty battalions of the Regular Army was not initiated by Lord Haldane, but by Mr. Arnold Forster, as will be seen by a perusal of his Memorandum, page 13, attached to the Army Estimates of 1905-6. Lord Haldane and his Army Council, to my mind, unfortunately did not, in this instance, alter the policy of reduction of Mr. Arnold Forster, which was entirely contrary to that of his predecessors, Mr. Brodrick and Lord Lansdowne.

I omitted also to say that while Lord Haldane and his Army Council did not reduce one gun of the R.H.A. or R.F.A., they added some 150 batteries of Territorial horse and field artillery to the regular artillery, and armed them with effective guns, the 15-pounders, which have been superseded, but which were excellent—as good as those of the German field artillery.

A. E. T.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 November 1916.

SIR,—Whatever obloquy or injustice may be attached to Lord Haldane, no even-minded reader can fail to appreciate the interesting letter over the name of Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, in your issue of the 11th inst.

But be the merits or demerits of the creator of the Territorial Force what they may, there is no doubt whatsoever that since the outbreak of this war to date, an officer or man who by accident may be serving in the Territorials, rather than in the Regular or New Armies, knows full well that he is serving his country under a prejudice, in the official sense.

Whether the unpopularity of Lord Haldane's disbandment of twenty odd battalions of the Regular Army is the root of the prejudice one cannot state; but the bias exists vitally.

The British Army in general to-day is magnificent, and, as an officer who joined for active service, and who has

since won distinctions in the field, wrote recently: "It is a great Army that can plug along to victory in spite of some of its traditions".

But an indisputable fact remains, that the demarcations which exist to-day, from the Regular Army to the New and Territorial Armies, maintained by a common administration are both lamentable and indefensible.

One set of orders for Regulars; another distinct set for New Armies; and yet a third for Territorial units.

But the casualty lists speak for themselves, alas! and whilst every Britisher, in uniform or not, thinks of the fate of our valiant Expeditionary Force with emotion, one is hurt by that line which separates the volunteer soldier in this war from the soldier who by mere accident happens to have gone through Sandhurst.

Regular soldiers may feel aggrieved at the rapid promotion inevitably gained without professional experience, but which is inevitable in the vast New or Territorial Armies; or they may dislike the fact of men in other professions and responsible businesses leaping to distinctions in brief military careers.

But, again, there is the sanctity of the casualty list, which maintains no distinctions apart from honour.

As a Territorial officer, I know there are thousands who realise the ban one serves under.

The Director-General of the Territorial Force will speak readily and truly of what service Territorials have rendered, just as Lord French pledges the Volunteers; but it is only recently that commissions in the New Armies are being stiffened by the maintenance of seniority; and seniority in the Territorial Force is still negligible.

An officer may be a colonel, a major, or a captain to-day; but to-morrow he may be reduced, not through lack of energy or enthusiasm, or through misdemeanour, but because he is a Territorial.

The fact of Lord Haldane's name being behind all Territorial units cannot be responsible for the shadow touching the Force; but, if never referred to officially, the fact cannot be evaded privately.

Yours faithfully,
VOLUNTEER CAMPAIGNER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 November 1916.

SIR,—Sir Alfred Turner writes with such apparent knowledge and with so much interest that one is usually quite ready to accept all he says. I own that I was a little astonished at his letter in praise of Lord Haldane. Not to repeat what "I. M." has said, is it not a fact that the dropping of a Bill for some kind of military training in elementary schools was largely due to him?

I watch the drill in some of these schools—watch boys jumping about like bull-frogs and doing other rather senseless and fantastic gymnastics at the command of a head mistress. I also watch a body of Red Cross nurses drilling and learning useful evolutions under a qualified sergeant.

With the army of inspectors who are going about the country seeking defects in the fabric of Church schools, why could we not have proper tuition and inspection in a subject that would fit lads for military service? As a boy in a private school I learnt the drill that I see our recruits and V.T.C.'s painfully acquiring, and I cannot see why lads who are brought up in schools at a great public expense to the country should not be taught something that will serve that country in a great crisis like the present.

Yours faithfully,
F. W. P.

THE EXISTING LEAGUE OF PEACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Oxford and Cambridge Club,

13 November 1916.

SIR,—There is one passage in one speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet which is worth all the other speeches put together.

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Mr. Herbert Samuel, in proposing the toast of "The Allies", alluded to the suggestions that are being put about "that at the end of this war there should be created a great league to enforce peace", and said: "That league to enforce peace exists now. The Allies are the league to enforce peace".

Couple this with Viscount Grey's address to the Foreign Press Association on 23 October, and you have the after-war policy of the Allies expressed in a few words of such clearness that they will almost defy the efforts to misinterpret and obscure even of those who in this country are working with Bethmann-Hollweg to bring about an as-you-were peace.

Lord Grey, referring to the league to enforce peace in America, said: "If the nations of the world, after the war, are to do something more effective than they have been able to do before, to bind themselves together for the common object of peace, they must be prepared not to undertake more than they are prepared to uphold by force, and to see when the time of crisis comes that it is upheld by force. We shall have to ask: 'Will you play up when the time comes?'"

It is true that the policy is expressed in halves by two of our statesmen at intervals of a few days. But I take it that Lord Grey agrees with Mr. Samuel that the Allies are a league of peace, and that Mr. Samuel would not refuse the co-operation of any other nation prepared to play up when the time comes.

Who are the other nations to answer to this call? There are none.

After this war the Allies, in Mr. Samuel's words, will be the league to enforce peace. In other words, they will not allow any nation to go to war. Fortunately, they can do this, and do it alone. There need be no fear that Germany, Austria and Hungary (Turkey will be no more, and Bulgaria will not count), after they are weakened by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and the coal-fields of the Saar, of Trieste and the Trentino, of Croatia and the Slav territories, of Transylvania, of the Polish lands, and possibly of Schleswig, will be able to do what they will have failed to do in the plenitude of their strength, and while the Allies were unprepared and ununited.

The smaller nations will be guaranteed in their possessions and in their neutrality, and the fact that the Allies form themselves into a League of Peace against all disturbers whomsoever will be the strongest guarantee that they will not quarrel among themselves.

What strength, moral or physical, will be added by the cohesion of any other nation which has been unable to understand the origin of the present war or to perceive its objects? One and all the neutral nations have seen one of themselves (Belgium was neutral until she was wantonly invaded) put to the torture and now being enslaved, and one and all they have felt themselves unable to make any effort on her behalf. Are the United States and Venezuela, China and Peru, to have a vote in a future Council of the Nations to decide on the size of France's or Russia's army or whether England is to be at liberty to continue to rule the waves? The co-operation of the man who is too proud to fight is sometimes more of a hindrance than a help to him who is ashamed not to fight.

President Wilson has recently said that this is probably the last war the United States will be able to keep out of. It would be truer to say that it is the last war the United States will have had the opportunity of coming into.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. HUMPHRY.

THE CASE AGAINST GERMAN MUSIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

In the Field,

11 November 1916.

SIR,—Will you allow me, an exile in a foreign land, one word on the subject of German music? I suppose that we out here may be permitted to have some opinion.

And, first, why does almost nobody writing in your columns

mention Bach? Who in the last year or two has exalted Beethoven to this too dizzy height? I knew a man once who said that Beethoven was the beginning of the decline. There, at any rate, spoke no fool.

Herein seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter. The war has done good in that it has dispelled the indiscriminate halo that ringed the heads of all German composers—the feeling that Strauss must be great because he was German. It has enabled us to lop off with a very honest axe much of Schumann and, I hope, still more of Wagner. But, go too far and false patriotism begins. We must never let ourselves be separated from the immortal tradition in which Bach was the supreme figure, whom Mozart and Beethoven followed. For so would all our music be like a house builded on sand. Imagine literature if we put away for ever from our eyes the Greeks and all they wrote and did! It is like cutting yourself off from the fountain-head—you don't even get enough water to wash. Without the past there can be no future; without Pindar there could have been no Herrick; without Praxiteles no Botticelli (for history is not so much connection of thing with thing as the flow of a river from place to place, and knows the like necessities); without Bach, I dread lest the "very interesting" works of our new composers may not in a generation or two produce either a very insane or a very dull school whom nobody will want to hear, and everybody may have to. Wherefore, let us above all avoid Mr. Evans's suggestion of a series of Carnegie concerts. If there is one thing you must not do to your young composer, it is, set him in a hothouse. The only lessons in the world worth learning are lessons learnt in fighting. No man ever got any good out of the "viva voce" of coldly encouraging dons after Oxford examinations—no man will ever get any good out of the production of his works at a Carnegie concert.

Take care of the old, and the new will, if it is any good, take care of itself.

I am, Sir,
GEOFFREY BACHE SMITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 November 1916.

SIR,—The lovers of the music of Ludwig van Beethoven, of whom I am one, may find some consolation in the following extract from the article on him in the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica": "His family is traceable to a village near Louvain, in Belgium, in the 17th century. In 1650 a lineal ancestor of the composer settled in Antwerp".

Yours, etc.,
H. O. M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

50, Rotherwick Road, N.W.,

12 November 1916.

SIR,—It is amusing to hear of people who are terrified that German music may be allowed an existence in this country. And it is quite more amusing to encounter those who argue about it. May I suggest that, however these people may wish and try to abolish the works of great German composers, no genuine lover of music will do without them. We may be the musical nation one of your correspondents quaintly assures us we are, but we have not one composer worthy in the remotest degree to replace Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Mozart, Schubert, or Mendelssohn, and the idea of Mr. Holbrooke, Mr. Bantock, or Mr. Bax as possible substitutes would amuse no one more thoroughly than these gentlemen themselves.

Faithfully yours,

MILDRED PALMER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 November 1916.

SIR,—I see one of your correspondents suggests that we need not consider Beethoven's Symphonies "enemy music", because their composer was not really a German, his father being Flemish. Of course, it was his grand-

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father who was actually of Flemish birth; his father was German-born. But, apart from this, people who raise this question seem to forget that Beethoven's mother, one of his grandfathers, and both his grandmothers were Germans, so that there was far more German than Belgian blood in his veins. It will be interesting to notice whether, in the event of a Polish army being raised against us, it will be discovered that Chopin was not a Pole, but really a Frenchman: a contention which is not quite so silly as that relating to Beethoven, since Chopin's father was undoubtedly a Frenchman, born at Nancy. But why these questions of genealogy should affect our desire to enjoy good music, whatever its origin, it is not easy to understand.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT THOMPSON.

REPENTANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bourne, Lincs.,
15 November 1916.

SIR,—The correspondence in your columns respecting the "Mission of Repentance and Hope" is very interesting; but it seems to me the root of the whole matter lies in the attitude of the Anglican Church officially (not individually) towards the war and the Empire's need. I personally know of young curates who have been deterred from serving or even taking Military Chaplaincies by fear of displeasing their Bishops and not being able to obtain employment when they return. This attitude contrasts most unfavourably with that of the large banks and other commercial undertakings, which not only are keeping the posts open, but are making up the salaries of their employees on active service. Still more unsatisfactory is the Church's attitude as voiced in the official prayer that has been composed. If we believe that there is a God that answers prayer, if we believe in the efficacy of prayer—and I take it these premises are axioms of the Christian faith—if, furthermore, we believe in the justice and righteousness of the cause we are fighting for (and if we do not believe this, then the war is no affair of the Church's), then let us first and foremost go down on our knees in the spirit of the Crusaders of old and *pray for victory* to our arms; then afterwards we can pray about "courage in reverses", etc. The present-day leaders want more of the spirit of their predecessors who compiled the Prayer Book Collect "in the time of war". If the Church, instead of turning round a lot of ambiguous phrases, would make the direct petition for that which is foremost in all our minds, it would not only appeal much more to the man in the street, but be more in accord with the teaching of its Master, who said, "Ask and ye shall receive".

Yours truly,
ALBERT E. K. WHERRY.

"SIDE SHOWS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

35, Roeland Street,
Cape Town,
22 October 1916.

SIR,—It always seems to me that your views on the war and questions connected with it are pre-eminently sane and logical. There is, however, one exception in regard to which I venture to differ. In a recent issue you speak of your always upholding the view that, as the decision must come on the East or West front, we should not allow our energies to be dissipated on "side shows". Such a view seems to me to imply that "side shows" cannot have a decisive effect. But surely in such a war nothing, except at the very end, can have a decisive value; and yet everything, in a greater or smaller degree, helps on to the final decision. Now we have been hammering for some time at the eastern and western front doors. The result, it must be confessed, is as yet small, and the chances that we shall succeed there in a reasonable time are far from overwhelming. Why not,

then, see if we cannot get in by one of the less ponderous back doors, and thus take the enemy in the rear?

The Gallipoli Expedition is often condemned as a waste of energy as a side issue, but as a matter of fact it was nearly a success; and had it not been for some bungling at the start, as well, perhaps, as some bad luck, we might very possibly have succeeded in forcing the Straits and altering the whole complexion of the war. The fact that it failed is no argument against its theoretical soundness. There must always be an uncertainty as to the result of any move in war; otherwise there would be no moves at all, if we only undertook certainties. The Balkans may be a "side show" from one point of view, and yet disintegration of the hostile alliance setting in there might spell its speedy dissolution and the isolation of its chief member, Germany, who would then see clearly that further resistance was useless or mad. The "tendon of Achilles" is far from the vital organs of the body, but yet an injury there may prove disastrous to a foe by so crippling him as to make further resistance useless.

Yours faithfully,
THEODORE B. BLATHWAY.

PAPAL CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. D.", declares that the saints of the primitive Church denied the Papal claims as much as the Church of England. I would like him to give us some proof for his statement. I would remind him of the words of the illustrious St. Jerome in his epistle to Pope Damasus, "Ego Beatitudini tuae, id est, Cathedrae petri Communione Consocior, super illam petram Aedificatam ecclesiam scio, quicunque extra hanc Domum Agnum Comederit, profanus est, si quis in Arca Noe non fuerit, peribit regnante diluvio, Non novi Vitalem, Meletium respuo, ignoro Paulinum. Quicunque tecum non Colligit, spargit, id est, qui Christi non est Antichristi est" (Epistle 57). The illustrious Bishop of Hippo declared "that a succession of bishops in the See of St. Peter—to whom Christ after his resurrection committed his flock—kept him in the Catholic Communion" (Tib. Contra Epist. Fundam., cap. 5). Again, St. Irenaeus says: "To this Church (Rome) it is necessary that every Church should resort, because of its more powerful principality" (Tib. 3, cap. 3). Protestant divines say that this more powerful principality was not the principality of the Church, but of the State; that is to say, the peculiar power and privileges of Rome given it by Councils and Emperors. Now, this is nonsense, for, first, how can privileges granted by the Councils in the fourth and fifth centuries and confirmed by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth be meant by St. Irenaeus, who wrote in the second (in the time of Pope Eleutherius, between the years 177 and 192)? Secondly, what Council can be pretended to have given Rome any privileges before the Ecumenical Council of Nicea in the fourth century, A.D. 325? Or were the pagan Emperors in Irenaeus's time so obliging to the Church as to enrich it with power and privilege?

Yours, etc.,
J. D. (of Belfast).

AN OFFER TO SOLDIER ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

4 November 1916.

SIR,—Apart from the general problems of the employment of ex-soldiers and sailors there are probably many young architects, painters, and general draughtsmen who will return to their professions at the end of the war, and these may wonder how they can be useful now. I will gladly train, free of charge, any suitable discharged men

who will come here for a month to enable them to take the places of junior draughtsmen in munitions drawing offices who may be called up. So far as my space allows, they may come and begin any morning after 9.30 without giving notice. I have trained over fifty women on similar lines. Every one, after a month's hard work, got a post at 25s., 30s., or 35s. a week, and most of them were given a rise within a month or two. The longest hours are from 8 to 6, with occasional overtime with extra pay.

Your obedient servant,

S. B. K. CAULFIELD, F.R.I.B.A.

"THE SOLDIER'S GLASS OF BEER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 November 1916.

SIR,—Writing as a life-long anti-teetotaler and bigoted hater of all temperance fanatics, do you know that in spite of all that it seems to me only common sense and an urgent necessity at the present time to prohibit absolutely the brewing of beer, etc.? Are you aware that all feeding stuffs are at record prices, almost as dear, weight for weight, as English wheat, and still advancing; that barley-meal and pig food generally are almost unobtainable; and that the herds of pigs are being seriously depleted in consequence in all parts of the country? With the present difficulties of transport and the activity of the submarines, it seems to me almost suicidal to allow millions of quarters of barley to be made into beer. I see the total area under barley in the British Isles is 1,872,323 acres (a ten years' average), which means a production of 7,965,277 quarters. (These figures are taken from the agricultural returns of 1914.) Can it be right to use such an enormous proportion of this for brewing, as we are now doing? Of course, one is quite aware that an immense industry cannot be closed down without loss and inconvenience to a great number of people; but, then, can we afford to consider this in the present crisis? Incidentally, besides adding enormously to the available supply of food, you would liberate all brewing people for work in other directions; you would automatically settle the people who drink too much, and as for moderate drinkers they would have to go without what is largely a very agreeable luxury, and most of them would readily admit that, if they were not the better, they were, at any rate, precious little the worse for this enforced abstinence. In allowing this gross waste of a most valuable foodstuff the Government is, in my opinion, taking a very grave responsibility, and the matter should be handled on drastic lines without delay. Mentioning the Government, however, reminds one of the story of the theatrical manager who, on being told that it was their intention to prohibit the wearing of evening-dress, and, being asked how it struck him, replied that if they did anything at all it would strike him speechless. As a matter of fact, they have tried to do something this week, which, as far as any benefit to the community goes, will do them about as much good as a person does himself who takes a shilling out of one of his pockets and puts it into another. Their present proposals amount to making a large increase in the available amount of bread stuffs, but must inevitably lead to an appalling shortage of meat in a few months' time. The only way one can see of really adding to the total available supply of food in this country is by stopping all brewing, or, in any case, by further severe restrictions on the trade. We are actually at the present time importing barley for this purpose; in a time of such a shortage of freights this must be sheer madness! Something in this direction will have to be done in the near future, and the sooner the better; there is not time for "wait and see", and we can afford to take no risks.

Your obedient servant,

"GENERALLY ANTI-TEMPERANCE".

REVIEWS.

THE SPIRIT OF SERBIA.

"Serbia in Light and Darkness." By Fr. Nicholai Velimirovic. Longmans & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

SERBIA is a country of ideals. If it be admitted that a nation can be known only through the understanding of her spiritual form and standards of beauty, then Father Nicholai Velimirovic is the first of her sons to show us Serbia. Nothing that was written before revealed the values of her inner life, for none had written from within. The book of Mr. Chedo Mijatovich, "Servia of the Servians", useful as it has been—and is still—contains avowedly a disposition of material, not a revelation of spirit. From its pages may be gathered those exact historical events, national customs, and particulars of history and art that the present author is not at pains to discuss. Father Nicholai writes from the abiding heart of his people. Without self-consciousness he opens to us that living vision that is the inspiration of nations and the breath of poetry.

Truly we English have been a little late in finding Serbia, a little slow in realising her individuality amongst the Slavonic nations, a little discourteous in using—Mr. Mijatovich suggests "preferring"—an erroneous version of her proper name. For the individuality, Father Nicholai corrects on his part the common impression that his country should be labelled shortly "Balkan". "The people in Great Britain", he says, "have been accustomed to look towards the Balkans as towards a country with one and the same spirit. This is a great mistake. There are chiefly two spirits: the Serbian and Bulgarian, i.e., the spirit of independence and the spirit of slavery". By way of illustrating his thesis he then adduces two historical facts: first, that, whilst the Serbs never ceased five hundred years ago to resist the Turkish invaders until the end, the Bulgars surrendered themselves without the least resistance; and, secondly, that, whereas the Serbs arose one hundred years ago against their Turkish rulers and achieved therewith their freedom, the Bulgars waited until strangers came and liberated their country. "I confess", he proceeds, and the statement tends to the better understanding of his people, "that our greatest sin has been the too greatly developed love of personal independence. It is the truest spirit of the Serbs. From this spirit originated all our fortunes and all our misfortunes, all our sins in modern times, the killing of our kings, the internal disturbances, and all the irregularity in the political and social life of our country". So much is plain. In reading Serbian history, whether by the aid of Father Nicholai or of Mr. Mijatovich, it becomes apparent that a democratic people preserving through four hundred kingless years the remembrance of a flawless monarchy was ill-prepared to brook in modern times a succession of rulers in whom the spirit of personal independence easily evolved into the spirit of autocracy. That a king should rule not with but over his people was contrary to Serbian tradition and to the will of the nation. "The belief and hopes of our kings", observes the present author, "were never different from the beliefs and hopes of the Serbian people". That is an informing saying. Nevertheless the virile, idealistic country desired no mere figure-heads for their kings. They must be leaders in strong good—heroic, humble, merciful, wise, religious. Indeed, it was required of them that they should represent all that was the best in the Serbian soul. And through all vicissitudes vision was never lost. Vision shines through Serbia's past: upon her kings and people, upon the glorious sadness of Kossovo field, over the ensuing tragedy of five hundred years of captivity, and in her acknowledgment of sins in modern times. Throughout her history it might have been cried:

"Thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love, and man's unconquerable mind".

For she has never ceased to look for and to know the light that shines out of darkness, "perplexed, yet not unto despair . . . smitten down, yet not destroyed".

Through vision, the "treasure in earthen vessels", the agony of Serbia, has been transmuted into exultations. She had for alchemists her seers and poets. Ten big volumes, preserved in the British Museum, bear witness to the temper of the national poetry that was composed during the Turkish tyranny. Taking for material the sorrow that lies in temporal loss, the glory that lives in spiritual gain, the bards composed a "Bible" to be heard and marked and learned by all their people. "Our poetry", says Father Nicholai, "has been our history, our moral, our beauty, our hopes, our education, our encouragement—our Bible". They sang this Bible. The young men at their labours sang it in the sunlit fields where "the outdoor singing responds fully to the luxuriance of light". The women sang it within doors and without, in the fields, and in the houseyards as they sat spinning on the distaff in the clear white moonlight of the Serbian nights. The blind bards sang it at festal gatherings, accompanying themselves on the *gusle*, the primitive instrument that was found in every village and home. All recited the chivalry of the mediæval kings and heroes, their glorious deeds, single-hearted piety, and patriotic resistance to the Turkish power. There were celebrated also the devoted men—amongst them Karageorge, King Peter's grandfather, who in the period of captivity formed bands for the delivering or avenging of their countrymen, the helpless victims of Turkish cruelty. Thus was handed down in the most impressive manner the story of a national heritage of agonies and exultations. For it was given the young not as a simple lesson, but as an inspiration and an encouragement to uphold the honour and the ideals of their country.

"History and morality", says this author finely, "are things which shall be sung; history and morality are such dignified topics that they must be expressed in a dignified, solemn language. Poetry is the very essence of things. It is the most earnest thing in the world. That is our opinion".

From such a view it is not surprising that the proclamation of the Kaiser to the Serbian refugees, "Come back to your homes and to your customs", is made by Father Nicholai the ground for an indictment that is perhaps singular amongst all the indictments of that monarch by the countries he has ravaged. "To your customs!" repeats the Serbian priest. "But oh, illustrissime Cæsar, we would reply, our first and last custom is to sing. Tell us, how could we sing now? . . . You stopped the singing in a country of songs, oh ill majesty! . . . You covered our country with sins and crimes, and it is not our custom to sing of sins and crimes, but of virtues. . . . Cantate Domino! But we will not sing after our custom in your presence. We prefer to be silent and wait for God's judgment".

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Mijatovich's book and have received from it a certain impression of the "Religion of the Servians" would do well to turn to this present pastoral and intimate revelation of the soul of a peasant people. Mr. Mijatovich blames the priests for political absorptions—and consequent neglect of their ministry—through which the religious life of the nation was pushed backwards. He speaks of a prevailing "dulness of religious sentiment", states that "the religiousness of the modern Servians is only skin deep", and proceeds to mention incidents bearing upon a rarity of prayer and the emptiness of churches. In regard to the latter charge a passage should be noted in his own account of "Servian national customs", where, in describing the annual function of the *Slava* in the villages, he says the priest conducts the religious ceremony in a house, "when the nearest church is too far from the village (and that is the case in many places, as there are comparatively very few churches in Servia and those far apart)".

It is, however, through the pages of Father

Nicholai that we are convinced of the perfect compatibility in Serbia of an intimate personal religion with empty churches. The passages on "Serbia in Prayer" should be read by every friend to Serbia. "In the villages", we are told, "unbelief is unknown . . . every family in a house is regarded as a little religious community. The head of the family presides over this community and prays with it". And there follows a very beautiful picture of the ceremonial prayer used on every Saturday evening after the weekly work was over. "When I recall this prayer in my memory" says Father Nicholai, "I feel more piety, more humility, and more comfort than I ever felt in any of the big cathedrals . . . this prayer of the Serbian peasants, beautiful in its simplicity and touching in its sincerity, survived generation after generation, and has been victorious over all crimes that the strangers of the Asiatic or of the European faith have committed on us. Our tenacious and incessant prayer is an evident sign of our tenacious and unbroken hope. We pray because we hope: we hope still more after we have prayed".

What force can prevail against the *patience* of hope, or what foe can overcome the soul of a nation possessed of and upheld by such moral? As five hundred years of oppression failed to quench Serbia's spirit, dim her ideals, or silence her song, so in the same spirit she awaits—but now silently—the issues of to-day. Father Nicholai Velimirovic's illuminative book will send its readers to the study of the national poetry wherein are conserved his country's history, her "second Bible", her worthies and her soul.

FICTION OF TO-DAY.

- "Marcel of the 'Zephyrs'." By May Wynne. Jarrold. 6s.
- "Half a Lie." By Lady Napier of Magdala. Murray. 5s. net.
- "The Mystery of the Rue de Babylone." By John J. Raphael. Grafton. 5s. net.
- "The Ring and the Man." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Jarrold. 6s.

THE few books which are world-famous classics, known and quoted everywhere, include, so far as we remember, only one theatre manager, who has a clear and unabashed eye for the public taste. His advice is:

"Above all, give us incident enough".

This recipe for success on the stage applies also to the popularity of the historical novel, and the author of "Marcel of the 'Zephyrs'" appreciates the point thoroughly. She gives us plenty of excitement, and, without inventing a confusing crowd of characters, she moves her small company about so effectively that the story never flags. The period—that of the Franco-German War of 1870—is now again up to date, with plundering Uhlans and desperate heroism on the other side. Spies played a great part in 1870, and the author gets several thrills out of them, as well as the historic disloyalty of Bazaine handing over his large force at Metz to the enemy. The affairs of three men and two women play a leading part in the story, and the chief hero, who belonged to a foreign legion of the damned, and had lost sight of his true heritage, makes a fine figure. We may be surprised that he and his mate do not recognise their mutual attraction earlier, but the average reader will be carried over this difficulty, and will enjoy the idyllic interludes which vary the fighting, and the adventurous journeys to and fro. The author is fluent, and capable in local colour; but she overdoes the rage for short sentences. Here is an example:

"What a meeting it was!

"Picture it to yourself."

Surely it is the novelist's business to picture it for us. Twice we find "who" used for "whom". We hope that one of the few accusatives left in the English

language write: "Lady N without a ranks of an overde atmosphere war came We hope coloured, scandal a more akin think tha not so p believe; acting in who har is her h wrecks t hardly a and the unpleasa

Mr. R Babylon the French whose n print. Juge d' rather, drugged proceeding that rem which w our stag clear th and arran ment fo flat, and a few magistr case cl murder gested, not, w A real away th an abs loses its summi figure decided stern p expect France

The prolog blizzar of a st and Pormil of trad been b long Financ be any or so expon But the Brady Haldan attack age; He de

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language is not going to disappear. Would the author write: "She loves him"?

Lady Napier of Magdala writes an easy narrative without any subtleties in it, and she is at home in the ranks of a Society which many novelists describe with an overdose of imagination. The story has a pleasant atmosphere of English country and town life before the war came, and it contains several agreeable people. We hope that the disagreeable are a little over-coloured, and that the jester and diner-out who lives on scandal and marries a lady for her money is a figure more akin to fiction than fact. The author seems to think that the performers on the stage of Society are not so pretty as they used to be. That we do not believe; there is plenty of good looks about, but the acting in general may be cruder than it was. The girl who harks back to the stage is well described, and it is her half-lie, designed to save herself, that nearly wrecks the reputation of the high-born girl. We need hardly add that all is well in the end; virtue triumphs, and the wanderers from the straight path are left to unpleasant futures.

Mr. Raphael has, in "The Mystery of the Rue de Babylone", made, we presume, substantial additions to the French writer on whom his story is founded, and whose name appears on the title-page in rather small print. The story being one of a murder in France, the Juge d'Instruction plays a dominant part in it, or, rather, two of them do, the first one being so severely drugged that he has to give up the case. The whole proceedings of these "juges" are exhibited in a way that reminds us of M. Brieux and that poignant play which was toned down in its latest English version for our stage. The plot is certainly ingenious. It is pretty clear that the young man who is accused of murder, and arrested and condemned to seven years' imprisonment for the crime, is not guilty, though he was in the flat, and had a scene of violent emotion with the victim a few moments before she was murdered. The magistrate who examined him and had to give up the case clearly inclined to that opinion. Who, then, murdered the woman? Various other people are suggested, and the secret is kept till the end, though it will not, we think, evade the expert in detective stories. A really fair exposé of the evidence generally gives away the criminal, unless probabilities are stretched to an absurd extent; but this is not to say that the story loses its attractions for the public, which is not great in summing up evidence or seeing significant points. The figure of the sinister and resolute old mother is decidedly effective, and reminds us of some of Balzac's stern peasants. The whole is told with the ease we expect from a journalist of experience who knows France well.

The author of "The Ring and the Man", after a prologue of violence with an escape through a terrible blizzard in the Far West, introduces us to the magnate of a store in New York who has made a huge fortune and pursues his self-centred way making more. Gormly is one of those immensely successful organisers of trade whom American novelists have of late years been busy idealising. The Last of the Mohicans has long yielded pride of place to the First of the Financiers. We doubt if in actual life Gormly would be anything like so agreeable as Mr. Brady makes him, or so capable of holding his own against skilled exponents of a society of which he had no experience. But that does not matter: Gormly is forceful, and Mr. Brady pictures him with a light and skilful hand. Miss Haldane, a high-bred beauty with philanthropic ideas, attacked Gormly for a large cheque in aid of her Settlement for the working classes. She was half Gormly's age; she got the cheque, and his admiration as well. He decided to get her, and followed all her doings by

the aid of a "clipping bureau", which is American for a Press-cutting agency. She led him into political strife and all sorts of troubles with her father; but we must leave the reader to discover what happened. The prologue comes ingeniously at the end. The theme of the story is not new, but it is worked out in entertaining fashion, and it is not, we are glad to note, crowded with the disconcerting ingenuities of American slang. Like Mr. Dreiser's novel, "The Titan", it shows up American graft in the frankest fashion, but with a serio-comic touch. Mr. Brady has not "got our goat"; he has amused us, and should serve to while away an idle hour by several firesides before the winter is over.

PUPILS, TEACHERS, AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

"The Empire and the Future: a Series of Imperial Studies Lectures delivered in the University of London, King's College." Macmillan. 2s. net.

RECENTLY a boy of fourteen said to his father: "Why did big England go to war with 160,000 men? Little Roumania has 600,000." Every day youngsters put questions of this humiliating sort. Yet a great many men above the military age regard themselves as fit to educate the Empire's boys and girls, to speak to them with authority about the war and its lessons, and to be their Providence in all matters of Imperial foresight. A few of these confident mentors have a right to be teachers because they were not blind in the pre-war days; but every one of them should be put and kept under the control of criticism, lest some of them should try to renew in seductive compromises the illusions that ruled in Britain during all the years in which Germany made open preparations for the fourth aggressive war in half a century.

Here is a book of six lectures on the Empire and the Future. What are its qualities? Does it answer with frank recognition of the facts the boys and girls who ask humiliating questions?

From one important standpoint it is a book to be welcomed: it comes from men who are profoundly in earnest, and who wish to grow into the needs of a most difficult new time. Their desire is to educate themselves, as well as to help those who know less than they do. To move forward with the days and years, not to be fixed milestones on the road of progressive thought and effort, is their aim. On the other hand, they do not yet know how to coax great subjects through the prejudices of uneducated middle-age, nor do they touch the sympathies of boys and girls, to whom the Empire and the Future belong. Big floating statements are much too common, while elementary teaching enlivened by anecdote is far too scarce. Briefly, it is a book for political clubs and for University students.

The subjects chosen are too widespread to be generally useful at the present moment. They skirmish over a great front instead of taking an entrenched position here and there. "Empire and Democracy" is the wide front along which Sir Charles Lucas advances in skirmishing order; and we wish he had given all his thought to two questions only: How are the differing phases of Democracy in the British Empire to be unified in all political and commercial matters of vital concern to their common good? How are they to be brought into continuous sympathy with the progress of India and the needs of Crown Colonies and Protectorates? The consideration of these questions in all their aspects will keep the ablest minds hard at work for many a year. Sir Charles Lucas writes with patient and candid thought, but he

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does not come to close quarters with either of these questions. His lecture is too much of a gadabout, and he hardly realises the rapidity with which whole nations, like individual patients, are apt to forget the lessons taught by pain and suffering. He says, for example: "The most widespread evil in Great Britain is, or was until the war came upon us, the decline of the habit of obedience, impatience of discipline in all phases of life, in all grades of society. The many choose the few, but will not obey the few when they have chosen them. War is teaching the lesson that obedience is necessary to existence. Never before have so many British citizens placed themselves under military discipline; and, when peace comes again, the ex-soldiers will bring back the habit of obedience into ordinary civil life, valuing it the more for having of their own free will submitted to it.... One of the brightest features of the war has been the obvious respect and affection which British officers and men have for each other. The officers cannot say too much of their men, the men of their officers. The few and the many have fitted in admirably, under intelligent and sympathetic discipline, in the close-packed brotherhood of the trenches.... However you put it, the effect of the war cannot be other than to strengthen the principle of rule by the few over the many."

Now it is a rule of caution in historical writing that nations, until they decline and fall, are likely always to repeat from age to age the qualities which they have always shown in peace and in war. Modern England has never learnt from the awful discipline of war how to be wise in an era of smug prosperity. She lost touch with adequate military defence after Waterloo, after the muddled Crimea, after Majuba Hill, after the final struggle against Kruger; and hence the national character of her people—so insular and so sanguine, so opposed to painful thought and so friendly to vagrant illusions—is not a character to be trusted after the present war; it is a character to be kept alert and wide-awake by incessant criticism and teaching and discipline. Pacifists believe that the reaction after the war will give a new vogue to their influence; they never talk in the strain of Sir Charles Lucas, because they are certain that the prolonged fever of the fighting will be followed by a long period of dreamy prostration.

Even in this book there are some tokens of the pre-war fondness for sweet idyllic phrases in political business. Thus we are told by Mr. Philip H. Kerr "that mankind is one family. It cannot prosper so long as its members either seek dominion over one another or are indifferent to one another. Its happiness depends upon their learning to help one another and to work together." That mankind has never had any wish to regard itself as one family is proved by the multitudinous ways in which it has divided itself by means of languages, dialects, customs, hatreds, jealousies, rivalries, and other barriers; and we cannot suppose that Mr. Philip H. Kerr would wish any relative of his to illustrate the brotherhood of mankind by marrying a savage. It will be time enough to talk about the brotherhood of man when the nations of the world learn to be peaceful at home in their party politics and in their business competitions. We prefer the cool good sense of the Master of Balliol, Mr. A. L. Smith, who explains:

"Another danger about Democracy is its tendency to a sort of idealism, a readiness to take dreams for realities, and to believe in the efficacy of good intentions. The workers (to use a short term) are conscious of their own pacific disposition, of their sense of fair play and desire for justice, and are too ready to trust these as the motive forces of the world. They talk too readily of the equality of races, the common interest of industrialism, the brotherhood of man. A speaker at a meeting of railway men ten days ago said: 'The British working man has no quarrel with the German working man; if they could meet, they would be friends'. It is true another speaker answered, pointedly: 'They are meeting—in the trenches'".

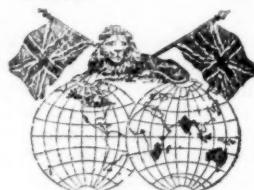
The Master of Balliol has written the best lecture,

but the subject chosen for him by the Imperial Studies Committee is big enough for a book: "The People and the Duties of Empire". Another subject is "The Duty of the Empire to the World"—a huge frame into which a small picture must be put. We venture to suggest to the Imperial Studies Committee that their subjects would be more helpful to the Empire if they were less extensive and ambitious. Youngsters should be taught never to repeat the mistakes made by their elders in the pre-war times; and advanced students should be brought face to face with intricate problems of Imperial administration. To say "Yes" or "No" to questions of Imperial policy is the hardest of all work, and the most necessary also; and the work cannot receive too much enlightenment from the Imperial Studies Committee. Not more than a single problem should be chosen for a lecture, and advanced students should be taken from argument to argument until a decided "Yes" or "No" can be spoken by the lecturer. The thing to be avoided is the discursive thought that plays around many questions, turning the Empire into an amusement for indecision.

Again, clever young minds are troubled by many questions when they think about the Empire and its origins; yet they receive few candid answers from their teachers. The most difficult question of all is this: Every Empire in history has been a collection of conquests made by the nomad fighting spirit in a virile people. How is this fact to be reconciled with the modern outcry against might and the frequent talk about perpetual peace? An intelligent boy soon learns to put this question to himself, and great mischief will arise if this moral trouble in young minds be left to the diligent cranks who detest the Empire. Some writers wish to placate the Empire-haters by speaking always of the British Commonwealth, not of the British Empire; but a change of phrase does not alter the battles and the annexations that put the rule of might into Englishmen all over the world. Hence the

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LATEST BOOKS.

"Russian and Nomad : Tales of the Kirghiz Steppes." By E. Nelson Fell. Illustrated. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

The author of this book is an American, and from 1902 to 1908 he directed the enterprise of a London business company which purchased some copper mines, collieries and smelting works in the centre of the Kirghiz Steppes, near the headwaters of the river Ishim, two hundred miles or more northward of Lake Balkhash. About half a century ago the Kirghiz Steppes, an important part of the Central Asiatic plateau, came under the dominion of the Russian Empire, and was given a military system of government differing much from the rule of life in the European division of the Tsar's Empire. Mr. Nelson Fell explains that the nomads dwelling in this vast stretch of country are of Turkish-Mongolian origin, and that they speak of themselves always as Kasáks, a word meaning "riders", and known in English as "Cossacks". The Russians had already adopted the word Kasák for their own group of Cossacks, so they decided to use the word "Kirghiz" when they wrote or spoke of the natives in the Kirghiz Steppes, and Mr. Nelson Fell follows this Russian custom.

He has written an exceedingly good book, full of sympathetic and humorous observation, rich in character, unaffected in style, and showing the good qualities that a primitive people owe partly to their Mohammedan religion, partly to their incessant companionship with the grander aspects of Nature, and partly to their life as nomadic farmers. Mr. Nelson Fell puts his knowledge into a narrative form, telling eleven good stories, and adding one by his daughter Marian, who is the author also of a poem entitled "The Eagle's Song". The stories are accompanied by forty-five well-chosen photographs, which add greatly to their value as excellent sketches from the life. Not for a long time have we read a book of travel so free from self-assertion or so rich in amusement.

In one story the Kirghiz save Mr. Nelson Fell and the Assumption Copper Mine from a strike organised by Andrei Toporin, who represents the Union of Unions at Moscow. Primitive loyalty encounters and defeats the plots and plans of western industrialism. In another tale the author is put to shame by a rich Kirghiz who owns a thousand horses, and many sheep and cattle. Wealth on four legs has a travelling reputation in the Steppes, and Mr. Fell has no sheep, only two cows, and only five horses. He admits these facts under cross-examination, but loses so much credit that he is humbled and startled. A little deception comes to his relief. He remembers that he has in his pocket a coloured photograph of a big hotel in Florida, the Poinciana Hotel, at Palm Beach. "See the house in which I live when I am in my own country", he says, and the effect is magical. The photograph is passed from hand to hand, amid cries of amazement and delight, and the owner of a thousand horses yields precedence to the occasional hotel-dweller.

As we pass from tale to tale we realise that the shrewd and friendly Kirghiz, despite the great hardship of their life in seven blizzard months of winter, have many real advantages over Western townsmen. They have nothing to gain in human worth from industrialism.

"The Quarterly Notebook," October 1916. Edited by Alfred Fowler. Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A. 25 cents.

This pamphlet contains but four articles, and it is so modest in its size and appearance that it may easily be missed among a crowd of flaunting competitors. Yet it is worth notice, for it has a zeal for good letters and a sense of form which are not common to-day. This number opens with an enthusiastic article by Mr. Arthur Symons on his impressions of Russia. He describes the Russians as "invincible, unassailable as they always were; and, as one imagines, always will be". There is something of a poet's licence in this phrase, and throughout Mr. Symons states his emotions with no fear of exaggeration. "To live in Moscow is to undergo the most interesting, the most absorbing fatigue, without escape from the ceaseless energy of colour, the ceaseless appeal of novelty".

Never has he seen people so friendly with each other, except, perhaps, in Spain, and dismissing ideas of Russian brutality, he remarks that in Russia "cabmen drive without whips, using solely the ends of their reins, and the reins finish in a mere bunch of ribbons".

"Dickens as a Student of Scott", by Mr. E. Basil Lupton, is the kind of inquiry in which it is easy to speculate, but difficult to be certain. The connection between the master of fiction and Dickens was close, for George Hogarth, the brother of Mrs. James Ballantyne, was Dickens's father-in-law. Mr. Lupton,

however, confines himself to actual literary borrowings and suggestions in Dickens. He says that Dickens was a close student and warm admirer of Scott from boyhood onwards, but we note that Scott is not mentioned among the authors whom the wonderful boy found and devoured in a "blessed little room" his father's. Smollett is the chief influence in Dickens, not Scott, and to him must be ascribed the picaresque element in Dickens, to "Rob Roy". We cannot see the germ of Sam Weller's favourite way of introducing jests with an "as somebody said" in a single remark by Andrew Fairfayre. Mr. Pugh has shown fairly in his "Charles Dickens Originals" that it was a common Cockney form of humour. Scott and Dickens both describe famous riots and the connection is sound in this sense that, if Scott had not made a success of the historical novel, later novelists might not have seen the chances picturesque history afforded. That bold writers should describe the streets which form the background of their action at the period they have chosen is too obvious to need comment. The Antiquary swindled by a modern incarnation may have supplied the hint for Mr. Pickwick's similar experience, but even here reference to "Notes and Queries" would show an earlier instance of a fraud to which the credulous Dryasdust is particularly open.

"The Library of Mary Stuart", by Mr. N. Tourneur, points the accomplishments of great ladies of the period. Among the authors she took special care to keep by her were Erasmus, Plato, Sallust and Livy in French translations, Sophocles in the Greek, Lucian and Herodotus.

"The Brow of Courage." By Gertrude Bone. Duckworth. 2s. net.

Here are nine little stories. Most of them concern children and some of them, such as the vision which supplies the title-story, would be suitable for young people. "The Expert", however, a story which neatly chaffs those who pretend to esoteric knowledge beyond anyone else, is for adult readers. The author has a real understanding of the gaiety and imagination of a child's mind, and knows well that world of the artist which makes a retreat from want and care. All the stories reveal effective simplicity and naturalness. No points are laboured and the little book possesses distinction.

The "Candid Quarterly" (No. 12) is its editor, Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, from cover to cover. It follows, of course, the "Candid" is nobody else from cover to cover. We find ourselves, as usual, agreeing absolutely with the contents of one page, disputing warmly with the contents of the next, and so on pretty well from page 643 to page 856. But whether we are agreeing with or dissenting from Mr. Bowles's organ of strong private opinions, we are invariably set on thinking. The "Candid" might irritate the most phlegmatic reader into thought. "The War—So Far", "Islanders on Horseback", are in the present issue incentives to fresh thought—and to fresh irritation. So does "The Government". "As Incompetent as its predecessor", exclaims Mr. Bowles wrathfully or despairingly. Yet the Government has passed the Military Service Acts, and has provided us with a mighty and splendid Army. Surely this counts a little! We commend the commonsense and acuteness of his article on "Arbitration Dreams"; and we lay down the "Candid" after reading his wholly delightful story of "Peter", which is too good not to be quoted word for word:

"The experiences of Peter in that fire at the cottage must—I know anything of an Airedale's mind—have been quite surprising. When he saw his master dress hurriedly as usual, and then, instead of going downstairs as usual, proceed to haul things out of the window, Peter concluded that his master had gone mad. The conclusion was confirmed when the master began to throw pails of water about; it became a certainty when he ran up and down stairs without any conceivable object—there not being there so much as a cat, much less a rat. Peter had seen most of this, and smelt the rest, from his usual post under the dressing table. After reflecting upon it as well as upon some strange crackling noises that then began, he could but surmise that there must be one of those great incomprehensible fusses about nothing which two-legged human creatures are so constantly making. He resolved, therefore, that the best and safest thing he could do was to remain in the master's room and under the table till this particular human lunacy had ended. Which he did, till the roof fell in on him. Then he marched solemnly out, through the flames, to the top of the wooden verandah, itself now in flames. There he calmly and silently sat down to await further events. The master's room was somehow gone and there was nothing else to do. Then, however, he was seen from below, the ladder was brought, and he was hauled over and down to the lawn, a bit singed but none the worse. Had there been a proper rat hunt he could have understood all the noise and fuss. As it was, there was but another wholly unintelligible chapter in the history of the ridiculous humans who can neither smell nor see nor run nor bite."

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